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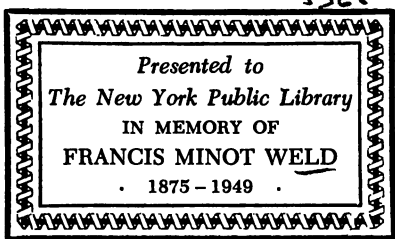
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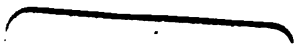


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
S. T. COLERIDGE.

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VOL. III.





THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
OF  
S. T. COLERIDGE,  
INCLUDING THE DRAMAS OF  
WALLENSTEIN, REMORSE, AND ZAPOLYA.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.



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THE  
PICCOLOMINI,  
OR  
THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.  
A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

VOL. III.

B





## PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

---

It was my intention to have prefixed a *Life of Wallenstein* to this translation ; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's *HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR* diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom ; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original ; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic ; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



THE  
PICCOLOMINI,  
&c.

---

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council House at Pilsen,  
decorated with Colours and other War Insignia.*

ILLO WITH BUTLER AND ISOLANI.

ILLO.

YE have come late—but ye are come! The distance,

Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty handed.

At Donauwert\* it was reported to us,

A Swedish caravan was on its way

\* A town about 12 German miles N. E. of Ulm.



Transporting a rich cargo of provision,  
 Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats  
 Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty  
 prize!—  
 We bring it hither—

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet  
 The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are all full of soldiers.

*[Casts his eye round.]*

And in the Council-house too, I observe,  
 You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we  
 soldiers

Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.  
 You'll find Count Tertsy here, and Tiefenbach,  
 Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,  
 The Piccolomini, both son and father—  
 You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting  
 From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only  
 Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas.

ILLO. (*hesitating*)

How so? Do you know —

ISOLANI. (*interrupting him*)

Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.

I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,

We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)

I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,

Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,

And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,

Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.

The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear

He has made good the promise of his youth,

And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts

The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess\*

From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?

He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm!

\* The Dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princes and Princesses.

So much the better! I had framed my mind  
 To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,  
 Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:  
 And lo! the Duke provides, that something too  
 Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present  
 To feast our eyes.

ILLO. (*who has been standing in the attitude of  
 meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little  
 on one side.*)

And how came you to know  
 That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned *me* to remain behind.

ILLO. (*with warmth.*)

And you?—You hold out firmly?

[*Grasping his hand with affection.*]

Noble Butler!

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke  
 Had layed so newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty—Major General,  
 I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment?

I hear, too, that, to make the gift still sweeter,  
 The Duke has given him the very same  
 In which he first saw service, and since then,  
 Worked himself, step by step, through each prefer-  
 ment,

From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives  
 A precedent of hope, a spur of action  
 To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance  
 An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no  
 I dare accept this your congratulation.  
 The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that  
 post

Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,  
 Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers?

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—  
 If we would *all* of us consider it so!  
 The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke  
 Comes all---whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo.*)

My noble brother! did I tell you how  
 The Duke will satisfy my creditors?

Will be himself my banker for the future,  
 Make me once more a creditable man!—  
 And this is now the third time, think of that!  
 This kingly-minded man has rescued me  
 From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!  
 Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his  
 soldiers.

But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!—  
 What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten  
 His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.  
 Then these new dainty requisitions! these,  
 Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay!

These requisitions of the Emperor,—  
 I too have heard about them; but I hope  
 The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first  
 —From office!

BUTLER. (*shocked and confused.*)

Know you *ought* then? You alarm me.

ISOLANI. (*at the same time with Butler, and in a  
 hurrying voice.*)

We should be ruined, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

Yonder I see *our worthy friend\** approaching  
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER. (*shaking his head significantly.*)  
I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

*Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, and QUESTENBERG.*

OCTAVIO. (*still in the distance.*)

Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!  
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,  
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[*Approaching nearer.*]

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,  
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice

\* Spoken with a sneer.

Thus to renew acquaintance with a man  
Whose worth and services I know and honour.  
See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes  
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[*To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani  
at the same time to him.*

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG. (*to Octavio.*)

And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

OCTAVIO. (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Iso-  
lani.*)

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questen-  
berg,

The bearer of the Emperor's behests,

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,

We honour in this noble visitor.

[*Universal silence.*

ILLO. (*moving towards Questenberg.*)

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,

You have shewn our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance too you remember *where* that was.

It was at Znäim\* in Moravia, where  
 You did present yourself upon the part  
 Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke  
 That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate* ? Nay, noble General!  
 So far extended neither my commission  
 (At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you chuse.  
 I can remember me right well, Count Tilly  
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.  
 Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,  
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing  
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.  
 At that time you and Werdenberg appeared  
 Before our General, storming him with prayers,  
 And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,  
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI. (*Steps up to them.*)

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,  
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day  
 You were not all too willing to remember  
 Your former one.

\* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road  
 from Vienna to Prague.



QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolan ?  
 No contradiction sure exists between them.  
 It was the urgent business of that time  
 To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand ;  
 And my commission of to-day instructs me  
 To free her from her good friends and protectors.

ILLO.

A worthy office ! After with our blood  
 We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,  
 To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,  
 The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doomed  
 to suffer  
 Only a change of evils, it must be  
 Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What ? 'Twas a favourable year ; the Boors  
 Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,

If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,  
 The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.





Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens  
 Driven from their house and home—who reap no  
 harvests

Save in the general calamity—  
 Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock  
 The desolation of their country—these,  
 Let these, and such as these, support the war,  
 The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet  
 So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,  
 Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they  
 Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,  
 Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reck-  
 oning!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,  
 How when I went to court seven years ago,  
 To see about new horses for our regiment,  
 How from one antichamber to another  
 They dragged me on, and left me by the hour  
 To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering  
 Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither  
 A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour  
 That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,  
 Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!

Straight I began to muster up my sins  
 For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*  
*This* was the man, this Capuchin, with whom  
 I was to treat concerning the army horses :  
 And I was forced at last to quit the field,  
 The business unaccomplished. Afterwards  
 The Duke procured me in three days, what I  
 Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way  
 to us :

Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade; one cannot always  
 Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle  
 Must not be blackened into sacrilege.  
 If we should wait till you, in solemn council,  
 With due deliberation had selected  
 The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,  
 I'faith we should wait long.—  
 "Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better  
 watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature  
 To make the best of a bad thing once past.  
 A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"  
 Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true : the Duke *does* spare us  
The troublesome task of chusing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Dukè  
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops ;  
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

*His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,  
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts  
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve  
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG. (*with a sneer.*)

Count, this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the Court supposes us,  
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.  
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty  
To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO (*interposing and addressing Questenberg.*)

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing

That you are now in camp, and among warriors.  
 The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.  
 Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared  
 Talk even so? One runs into the other.  
 The boldness of this worthy officer,

[*pointing to Butler.*

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,  
 Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,  
 To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,  
 In a most formidable mutiny  
 Of the whole garrison.

[*Military music at a distance.*

Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal  
 Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO. (*to Questenberg.*)

Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he  
 Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo.*)

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[*To Octavio.*

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet  
 The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[*Exeunt all but Questenberg and Octavio.*

## SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*)

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!  
 What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!  
 And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm!

You are now acquainted with three fourths of the  
 army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host  
 To have the custody of this? That Illo  
 Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then  
 This Butler too—he cannot even conceal  
 The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;  
 'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.  
 I know a spell that will soon dispossess  
 The evil spirit in *him*.

QUESTENBERG. (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*)

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered

Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There  
 We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,  
 Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.  
 We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,  
 The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,  
 'Tis quite another thing.  
 Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.  
 Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!  
 This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp  
 Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself  
 Of what a perilous kind the office is,  
 Which you deliver to me from the Court.  
 The least suspicion of the General  
 Costs me my freedom and my life, and would  
 But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted  
 This madman with the sword, and placed such power  
 In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,  
 Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.  
 Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.  
 And then the impunity of his defiance—  
 O! what a proclamation of our weakness!



## OCTAVIO.

D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter  
 Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!  
 And at the very point of time, in which  
 We're arming for the war? That he has taken  
 These, the last pledges of his loyalty,  
 Away from out the Emperor's domains—  
 This is no doubtful token of the nearness  
 Of some eruption!

## QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing  
 Beneath this tempest, which collects itself  
 And threatens us from all quarters? The enemy  
 Of the empire on our borders, now already  
 The master of the Danube, and still farther,  
 And farther still, extending every hour!  
 In our interior the alarm-bells  
 Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—  
 All orders discontented—and the army,  
 Just in the moment of our expectation  
 Of aidance from it—lo! this very army  
 Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,  
 Loosened, and rent asunder from the state  
 And from their sovereign, the blind instrument  
 Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon  
 Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon.  
 Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :  
 And many a resolute, who now appears  
 Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,  
 Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,  
 Let but a single honest man speak out  
 The true name of his crime ! Remember too,  
 We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.  
 Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained  
 Their little army faithful to its duty,  
 And daily it becomes more numerous.  
 Nor can he take us by surprize : you know,  
 I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.  
 Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—  
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;  
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not  
 The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think,  
 That I by lying arts, and complaisant  
 Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces :  
 Or with the sustenance of smooth professions

Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—  
 Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty  
 Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,  
 To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet  
 Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts  
 And links him both to me and to my son.  
 Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,  
 Adventurous deeds performed in company,  
 And all those many and various incidents  
 Which store a soldier's memory with affections,  
 Had bound us long and early to each other—  
 Yet I can name the day, when all at once  
 His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence  
 Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning  
 Before the memorable fight at Lützner.  
 Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,  
 To press him to accept another charger.  
 At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,  
 I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,  
 And had related all my bodings to him,  
 Long time he stared upon me, like a man  
 Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,

And manifested to me an emotion  
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.  
Since then his confidence has followed me  
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.

No!

QUESTENBERG.

What? and not warn him either what bad hands  
His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.  
His young and open soul—dissimulation  
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance  
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,  
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,  
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG. (*anxiously.*)

My honoured friend! most highly do I deem  
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—  
Reflect a little—

OCTAVIO.

I must venture it.

Hush!—There he comes!

## SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI,  
QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!

*[He embraces his father. As he turns round,  
he observes Questenberg, and draws  
back with a cold and reserved air.]*

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor  
Attention, Max. an old friend merits—Reverence  
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. *(drily.)*

Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you  
Aught good to our head quarters.

QUEST. *(seizing his hand.)*

Nay, draw not

Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!

Not on mine own account alone I seized it,  
And nothing common will I say therewith.

*[taking the hands of both.]*

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!

O saviour names, and full of happy omen!

Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,

wo such stars, with blessed influences  
g protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.

- Noble minister ! You miss your part.  
me not here to act a panegyric.  
sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—  
not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO. (*to Max.*)

ies from court, where people are not quite  
contented with the duke, as here.

MAX.

ow have they contrived to find out in him ?  
e alone determines for himself  
e himself alone doth understand ?  
herein he does right, and will persist in't.  
I never meant him for that passive thing  
an be struck and hammered out to suit  
r's taste and fancy. He'll not dance  
ry tune of every minister.  
against his nature—he can't do it.  
possessed by a commanding spirit,  
s too is the station of command.  
ell for us it is so ! There exist  
t to rule themselves, but few that use  
ntellec[t]s intelligently.—Then  
or the whole, if there be found a man,

Who makes himself what nature destined him,  
The pause, the central point to thousand thou-  
sands—

Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,  
Where all may press with joy and confidence.  
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if  
Another better suits the court—no other  
But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army? Doubtless!

OCTAVIO. (*to Questenberg.*)

Hush! Suppress it friend!  
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—  
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing.*)

In their distress  
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,  
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they  
dread him  
More than the ills for which they called him up.  
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be  
Like things of every day.—But in the field,  
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.  
The personal must command, the actual eye  
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks  
All that is great in nature, let it be

Likewise his privilege to move and act  
In all the correspondencies of greatness.  
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,  
He must invoke and question—not dead books,  
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances  
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights  
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind  
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.  
For always formidable was the league  
And partnership of free power with free will.  
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,  
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes  
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path  
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,  
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what  
it reaches.

My son ! the road, the human being travels,  
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth  
follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,  
Honouring the holy bounds of property !  
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.



## QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth ! hear *him*,  
Who is at once the hero and the man.

## OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee !  
A war of fifteen years  
Hath been thy education and thy school.  
Peace hast thou never witnessed ! There exists  
An higher than the warrior's excellence.  
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.  
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,  
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,  
These are not they, my son, that generate  
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty !  
Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect !  
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,  
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and  
quarrel  
The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams  
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and  
hurries !  
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,  
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard

The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father!  
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel  
For the first violet\* of the leafless spring,  
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

OCTAVIO

What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.  
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,  
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape  
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!  
My road conducted me through countries where  
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my fa-  
ther—

My venerable father, Life has charms  
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been  
But voyaging along its barren coasts,  
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,  
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,

\* In the original,

Den blutgen Lorbeer, geb ich hin, mit Freuden  
Fürs erste veilchen, das der merz uns bringt,  
Das duftige Pffand der neuverjüngten Erde

House on the wild sea with wild usages,  
 Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays  
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.  
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals  
 Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,  
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO. (*attentive, with an appearance of  
 uneasiness.*)

And so your journey has revealed this to you?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,  
 What is the meed and purpose of the toil,  
 The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,  
 Left me an heart unsoul'd and solitary,  
 A spirit uninformed, unornamented.  
 For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,  
 The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,  
 The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,  
 Word of command, and exercise of arms —  
 There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this  
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!  
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—  
 This cannot be the sole felicity,  
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier  
Returns home into life; when he becomes  
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.  
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!  
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers,  
home!

The caps and helmets are all garlanded  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.  
The city gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them.  
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,  
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards  
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.  
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom  
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG. (*apparently much affected.*)

O! that you should speak  
Of such a distant, distant time, and not  
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him, quick and vehement.*)  
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?  
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.  
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,  
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation  
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.  
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,  
It is the warrior that must force it from you.  
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,  
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows  
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,  
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;  
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if  
War intermit not during war, *how* then  
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues  
fall on you!  
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.  
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;  
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,  
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye  
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas ! and stands it so ?

*[then in pressing and impatient tones.*

What, friend ! and do we let him go away  
In this delusion,—let him go away ?  
Not call him back immediately, not open  
His eyes upon the spot ?

OCTAVIO. *(recovering himself out of a deep study.)*

He has now opened mine,  
And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it ?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey !

QUESTENBERG.

But why so ? What is it ?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend ! I must follow up  
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes  
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come !

*[draws Questenberg on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.

What now ? *Where* go you then ?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To ——

OCTAVIO. (*interrupting him, and correcting himself.*)  
To the Duke. Come, let us go—"Tis done, 'tis done,  
I see the net that is thrown over him.  
O! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not  
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore  
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.  
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,  
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO. (*more collected.*)

Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour  
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!  
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads Questenberg off.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically, He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

## FIRST SERVANT.

Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, “Stand to your arms!” They will be there in a minute.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

## THIRD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

## FIRST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

## SECOND SERVANT.

Poh! stuff and nonsense! That’s what I call a *hum*.



A chamber is a chamber ; what much can the place signify in the affair ?

SENI. (*with gravity.*)

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,  
*Nothing !* But yet in every earthly thing  
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT. (*to the Second.*)

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

SENI. (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*)

Eleven ! an evil number ! Set twelve chairs.  
Twelve ! twelve signs hath the zodiac : five and seven,  
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven ? I should like to know that now.

SENI.

Eleven is—transgression ; eleven oversteps  
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.

That's good ! and why do you call five an holy number ?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man : for even as man  
Is mingled up of good and evil, so

The five is the first number that's made up  
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb !

FIRST SERVANT.

Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him ;  
there is more in his words than can be seen at first  
sight.

THIRD SERVANT.

Off! They come.

SECOND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side-door.

*[They hurry off. Seni follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.]*

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented  
To the Queen of Hungary ?

DUCHESS.

Yes ? and to the Empress too,  
And by both Majesties were we admitted  
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,  
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither  
To the camp, in winter time ?

DUCHESS.

I did even that  
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,  
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,  
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,  
To shew the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made ?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wished it may have fallen  
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pause.*)

Well then?

And in all else, of what kind and complexion

Was your reception at the court?

[*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.*]

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.

A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm

Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?

What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honours were omitted

No outward courtesy; but in the place

Of condescending, confidential kindness,

Familiar and endearing, there were given me

Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.

Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,

It was the guise of pity, not of favour.

No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,  
 Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—  
 Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,  
 They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!

I have been long accustomed to defend you,  
 To heal and pacify distempered spirits.  
 No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,  
 O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—  
 Here is no every-day misunderstanding,  
 No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;  
 Something most luckless, most unhealable,  
 Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary  
 Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,  
 And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS. (*wiping away her tears, after a pause.*)

She *did* embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken  
 My formal leave, and when the door already  
 Had closed upon me, then did she come out  
 In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,

And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish  
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN. (*seizes her hand soothingly.*)

Nay, now collect yourself,

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,  
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS. (*shaking her head.*)

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont  
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward  
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that  
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,  
But in the country let itself be heard  
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain  
In sundry hints and—

WALLENSTEIN. (*eagerly.*)

Lamormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly

O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged  
 With traitorous contempt of the Emperor  
 And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,  
 He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—  
 That there's a storm collecting over you  
 Of far more fearful menace than that former one  
 Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.  
 And people talk, said he, of— Ah!—

[*stifling extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

They talk—

WALLENSTEIN.

Well!

DUCHESS.

Of a second—(*catches her voice and  
 hesitates.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Second—

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

—Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they?

*[Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.]*

O! they force, they thrust me  
With violence, against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS. *(presses near to him, in entreaty.)*

O! if there yet be time, my husband! if  
By giving way and by submission, this  
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!  
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,  
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor  
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer  
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning  
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up  
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,  
And drive before you into uttermost shame  
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we,—  
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune  
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.  
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour  
Stand not before us!



## SCENE VIII.

*Enter the Countess TERTSKY, leading in her hand  
Princess THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliant*

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister? What already upon business,  
     *[observing the countenance of the Duchess]*  
 And business of no pleasing kind I see,  
 Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first  
 Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!  
 This is thy daughter.

*(Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air,  
 bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives  
 her in his arms, and remains standing for some  
 lost in the feeling of her presence.)*

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:  
 I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed  
 To raise up that great army for the Emperor:  
 And after, at the close of the campaign,

When you returned home out of Pomerania,  
Your daughter was already in the convent,  
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toils  
To make her great, and fight her a free way  
To the loftiest earthly good ; lo ! mother Nature  
Within the peaceful silent convent walls  
Has done her part, and out of her free grace  
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child  
The godlike ; and now leads her thus adorned  
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla.*)

Thou wouldest not have recognized thy father,  
Wouldst thou, my child ? She counted scarce eight  
years,  
When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother !

At the first glance !—My father is not altered.  
The form, that stands before me, falsifies  
No feature of the image that hath lived  
So long within me !

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child !

[*then after a pause.*]

I was indignant at my destiny  
That it denied me a man-child to be  
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,  
And re-illumine my soon extinguished being  
In a proud line of princes.  
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head  
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I  
Let fall the garland of a life of war,  
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it  
Transmitted to a regal ornament,  
Around these beauteous brows.

[*He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.*]

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SCENE IX.

*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after  
Count TERTSKY, the others remaining as be-  
fore.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Paladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. ! Welcome, ever welcome ! Always wert thou  
The morning star of my best joys !

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,  
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound  
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,  
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.  
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!  
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered  
The mother and the daughter to your arms,  
But there is brought to me from your equerry  
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress  
So to remunerate me for my troubles——  
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble  
It must be, a mere office, not a favour  
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which  
I came already with full heart to thank you for.  
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business  
Should be my highest best good fortune!

[TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the Duke,  
which he breaks open hurryingly.

COUNTESS. *(to Max.)*

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy

He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting  
 For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel  
 So tenderly—my brother it beseems  
 To shew himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love :  
 For his munificent hands did ornament me  
 Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving  
 And making happy.

*[He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still  
 increasing warmth.]*

How my heart pours out  
 Its all of thanks to him : O ! how I seem  
 To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.  
 While I shall live, so long will I remain  
 The captive of this name : in it shall bloom  
 My every fortune, every lovely hope.  
 Inextricably as in some magic ring  
 In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me !

COUNTESS.

*(Who during this time has been anxiously watching  
 the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought  
 over the letters.)*

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN.

*(Turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.)*

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,  
 Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,  
 Will now again administer your old office,  
 While we perform the sovereign's business here.  
*(Max. Piccolomini, offers the Duchess his arm, the  
 Countess accompanies the Princess.)*

TERTSKY. *(calling after him.)*

Max. we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

## SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. *(in deep thought to himself.)*  
 She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,  
 And squares completely with my other notices.  
 They have determined finally in Vienna,  
 Have given me my successor already ;  
 It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,  
 The Emperor's delicate son ! he's now their saviour,  
 He's the new star that's rising now ! Of us.  
 They think themselves already fairly rid,

And as we were deceased, the heir already  
Is entering on possession.—Therefore—dispatch!

*[As he turns round he observes Tertsy, and gives  
him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,  
And Galas too—I like not this!

TERTSKY.

And if  
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,  
One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith  
Send some one to him, that he let not in  
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.  
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader  
In contraband negotiations, he  
Has shewn himself again of late. What brings he  
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,  
He has found out the Swedish chancellor  
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,  
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have  
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so ?

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,  
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,  
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,  
And at last make yourself a riddance of them  
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,  
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects  
That I shall yield him some fair German tract  
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last  
On our own soil and native territory,  
May be no longer our own lords and masters !  
An excellent scheme !—No, no ! They must be off,  
Off, off ! away ! *we* want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—  
It goes not from your portion. If you win  
The game, what matters it to you who pays it ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off ! Thou understand'st not this.  
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled  
My native land away, dismembered Germany,  
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order



To come with stealthy tread, and filch away  
 My own share of the plunder.—Never! never!—  
 No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,  
 And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!  
 Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances  
 T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!  
 I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,  
 But not a single fish of all the draught  
 Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,  
 More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience  
 While you shift ground and make so many curves.  
 Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends  
 Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in  
 you.

There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows  
 What he should think of your procrastinations.  
 And in the end I prove the liar; all  
 Passes through me. I have not even your hand-  
 writing.

WALLENSTEIN.

I *never* give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,  
 If the act follows not upon the word?

You must yourself acknowledge, that in all  
 Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy  
 You might have done with safety all you have done,  
 Had you meant nothing further than to gull him  
 For the Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pause, during which he  
 looks narrowly on Tertsy.*)

And from whence dost *thou* know  
 That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?  
 Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of  
 you?

Dost thou know *me* so well! When made I thee  
 The intendant of my secret purposes?  
 I am not conscious that I ever open'd  
 My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is  
 true,  
 Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,  
 I could repay him with usurious interest  
 For the evil he hath done me. It delights me  
 To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,  
 Of that, I should have thought that thou could'st  
 speak

No wiselier than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us.

*Enter* ILLO.

## SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.  
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,  
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan  
Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's your's, both soul and body,  
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou  
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet  
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,  
The fox !

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man ?  
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.  
Besides, I have his horoscope,  
We both are born beneath like stars—in short  
*(with an air of mystery.)*  
To this belongs its own particular aspect,  
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice,  
You *must* not lay down the command, I hear  
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,  
They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,  
Give them in writing to me, promising  
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

ILLO.

Why not ?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria

They'll always place among the premises.

With this reserve——

WALLENSTEIN. (*shaking his head.*)

All *unconditional*!

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me.

Does not Count Tertsy give us a set banquet

This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals

Have been invited.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Say, will you here fully

Commission me to use my own discretion?

I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,

Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!

How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,

That all the leaders who are present here

Give themselves up to you, without condition;

, will you *then—then* will you shew yourself earnest, and with some decisive action the trial of your luck ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures !

Bring me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour  
 ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment  
 of life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.  
 To make a great decision possible,  
 many things, all transient and all rapid,  
 must meet at once : and, haply, they thus met  
 are by that confluence be enforced to pause  
 so long enough for wisdom, though too short,  
 ; far too short a time for doubt and scruple !  
 This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,  
 our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,  
 our kinglike leader ! On your nod they wait.  
 These single threads, which here your prosperous  
 fortune  
 hath woven together in one potent web  
 are tinct with destiny, O let them not  
 unravel of themselves. If you permit  
 these chiefs to separate, so unanimous  
 bring you them not a second time together.

'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,  
 And every individual's spirit waxes  
 In the great stream of multitudes. Behold,  
 They are still here, here still! But soon the war  
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small  
 Particular anxieties and interests  
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy  
 Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day  
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,  
 Will become sober, seeing but himself,  
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed  
 Will face about, and march on in the old  
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,  
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But *when* will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,  
 Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,  
 In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.  
 Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,

his is your VENUS ! and the sole malignant,  
 he only one that harmeth you is DOUBT.

WALLENSTEIN.

How thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft  
 and many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,  
 that lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.  
 Thy visual power subdues no mysteries ;  
 [sole eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth,  
 blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,  
 lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.  
 The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,  
 With serviceable cunning knit together  
 the nearest with the nearest ; and therein  
 trust thee and believe thee ! but whate'er  
 full of mysterious import Nature weaves,  
 and fashions in the depths—the spirits ladder,  
 that from this gross and visible world of dust  
 even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,  
 builds itself up ; on which the unseen powers  
 Move up and down on heavenly ministries—  
 The circles in the circles, that approach  
 The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—  
 These sees the glance alone, the unsealed eye,  
 Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*[He walks across the chamber, then returns,  
 and standing still, proceeds.]*



The heavenly constellations make not merely  
 The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely  
 Signify to the husbandman the seasons  
 Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,  
 That is the seed too of contingencies,  
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity  
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.  
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,  
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,  
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,  
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving  
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.  
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile  
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say  
 What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.  
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points  
 You may rely.

PAGE. (*entering.*)

My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

## SCENE XII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLomini, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. Wallenstein motions Questenberg, who in consequence takes the Chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their Rank. There reigns a momentary Silence.*

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import  
Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed  
them,

And formed my final, absolute resolve;  
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals  
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your  
mouth,

May't please you then to open your commission  
Before these noble Chieftains.

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready

To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,  
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,  
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right  
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own pre-  
sumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty

The Emperor to his courageous armies  
 Presented in the person of Duke Friedland  
 A most experienced and renowned commander,  
 He did it in glad hope and confidence  
 To give thereby to the fortune of the war  
 A rapid and auspicious change. The onset  
 Was favourable to his royal wishes.  
 Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,  
 The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands  
 Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland  
 From all the streams of Germany forced hither  
 The scattered armies of the enemy,  
 Hither invoked as round one magic circle  
 The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,  
 Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;  
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,  
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left  
 His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who

Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland  
After this day of triumph, this proud day,  
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,  
And vanished from the theatre of war ;  
While the young Weimar hero forced his way  
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like  
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,  
Makes its own channel ; with such sudden speed  
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg  
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Chris-  
tians.

Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince  
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need ;  
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke  
Friedland,

Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty :  
He superadds his own, and supplicates  
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.  
In vain his supplication ! At this moment  
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,  
Barters the general good to gratify  
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. to what period of the war alludes he ?  
My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! Is it so?

But what had we to do *there*?

MAX.

To beat out

The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True.

In that description which the Minister gave  
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

(*to Questenberg.*)

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes! at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke  
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields  
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,  
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,  
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger  
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up  
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch  
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.

But he had fallen into magnanimous hands ;  
 Instead of punishment he found reward,  
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss  
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN. (*laughs.*)

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna  
 Your windows and balconies all forestalled  
 To see him on the executioner's cart.  
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too  
 With infamy, and still retained your graces—  
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,  
 Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,  
 No, never can forgive me.

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke  
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.  
 And he *did* put his troops in motion : slowly,  
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road  
 He traverses Bohemia ; but ere ever  
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,  
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiaibly destitute  
 Of every necessary, every comfort.

The winter came. What thinks his Majesty  
 His troops are made of? An't we men? subjected  
 Like other men to wet, and cold, and all  
 The circumstances of necessity?  
 O miserable lot of the poor soldier!  
 Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,  
 And when he goes away, the general curse  
 Follows him on his route. All must be seized,  
 Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize  
 From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.  
 Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!  
 Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man  
 How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire  
 That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,  
 The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*.\*

\* The original is not translatable into English ;

————— Und sein *sold*

Muss dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered :

“ And that for which he sold his services,

“ The soldier must receive.”

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

## QUESTENBERG.

this is a far other tone from that  
which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

## WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my fault, I know it: I myself  
spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.  
Years ago, during the Danish war,  
I seduced him up a force, a mighty force,  
of forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him  
of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony  
the fury goddess of the war marched on,  
to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing  
the terrors of his name. That was a time!  
The whole Imperial realm no name like mine  
was adorned with festival and celebration—  
Albrecht WALLENSTEIN, it was the title  
the third jewel in his crown!  
at the Diet, when the Princes met  
at Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,  
there 'twas laid open, there it was made known,  
of what money-bag I had paid the host.  
I thought what was now my thank, what had I now,  
that I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,  
I had loaded on myself the people's curses,  
I had let the Princes of the empire pay  
the expences of this war, that aggrandizes  
the Emperor alone—What thanks had I!



What? I was offered up to their complaints,  
Dismissed, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows  
What little freedom he possessed of action  
In that disastrous diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!

*I had that which could have procured him freedom.*  
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me  
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,  
I have been taught far other trains of thinking  
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.  
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,  
But now I hold it as the empire's general—  
For the common weal, the universal interest,  
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!  
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

QUESTENBERG.

First, his imperial Majesty hath willed  
That without pretexts of delay the army  
Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season?

And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,  
That we direct our course?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.

His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg  
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,  
That Lutheranism may be no longer preached  
In that cathedral, nor heretical  
Defilement desecrate the celebration  
Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My generals,

Can this be realized ?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realized.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor

Already hath commanded colonel Suys  
To advance toward Bavaria ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suys ?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced !

WALLENSTEIN.

What ? he advanced ? And I, his general,  
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,

Not to desert his station! Stands it thus  
 With my authority? Is this the obedience  
 Due to my office, which being thrown aside  
 No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!  
 You be the judges, generals! What deserves  
 That officer, who of his oath neglectful  
 Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN. (*raising his voice, as all, but Illo, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous.*)

Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

MAX. PICCOLOMINI. (*after a long pause.*)

According to the letter of the law,

Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[*Questenberg rises from his seat, Wallenstein follows; all the rest rise.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.

And if I show him favour, 'twill arise

From the reverence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!  
 And this the first, that to the diminution  
 Of my authority no human being,  
 Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled  
 To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.  
 If I stand warranter of the *event*,  
 Placing my honour and my head in pledge,  
 Needs must I have full mastery in all  
 The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus  
 Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?  
 This—that he was the monarch in his army!  
 A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,  
 Was never yet subdued but by his equal.  
 But to the point! The best is yet to come.  
 Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The prince Cardinal  
 Begins his route at the approach of spring  
 From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army  
 Through Germany into the Netherlands.  
 That he may march secure and unimpeded,  
 'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment  
 Of eight horse-regiments from the army here,

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,  
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!  
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should  
be!  
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming.  
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,  
The dictate of necessity!—

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?

What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered  
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing  
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court  
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use  
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,  
To lead into the empire a new army  
Unsubjected to my controul. To throw me  
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you  
To venture that. My stipulation runs,  
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me  
Where'er the German is the native language.  
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals  
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,  
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.

No syllable ! And so the politic court  
 Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it ;  
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,  
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow  
 And make short work with me.  
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy ?  
 Straight-forward, man ! His compact with me  
 pinches  
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off !—  
 Well !—I will gratify him !—  
*[Here there commences an agitation among the  
 generals which increases continually.]*  
 It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes !  
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at  
 The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain  
 The recompence their services demand.  
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,  
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.  
 There serve here many foreigners in the army,  
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,  
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny  
 After his pedigree or catechism.  
 This will be otherwise, i'the time to come.  
 Well—me no longer it concerns.

*[He seats himself.]*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!  
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—  
The emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!  
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,  
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.  
What then? another chieftain is soon found,  
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)  
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor  
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

*[During this speech, Isolani, Tertsy, Illo and  
Maradas talk confusedly with great agita-  
tion.]*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI. *(Busily and passionately go-  
ing from one to another, and soothing them.)*

Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!  
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,  
Till we have met and represented to you  
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!  
I hope all may be yet set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in the antechamber

Find we the others.

[*They go.*]

BUTLER. (*to Questenberg.*)

If good counsel gain

Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!

You will be cautious how you show yourself

In public for some hours to come—or hardly

Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.

[*Commutations heard from without.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!

Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.

Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[*Questenberg is about to speak.*]

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!

You have performed your duty—We know how

To separate the office from the man.

[*As Questenberg is going off with Octavio; Goetz, Tiefenbach, Kolatto, press in; several other generals following them.*]

GOETZ.

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?

TIEFENBACH. (*at the same time.*)

What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?



KOLATTO. (*at the same time.*)

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN. (*with stateliness, a  
pointing to Illo.*)

There ! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [*E<sub>1</sub>*

*[While all are going off the stage, the curt  
drops.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

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SCENE—*A small Chamber.*

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you  
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,  
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves  
Collectively, to be and to remain  
*His* both with life and limb, and not to spare  
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided  
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,  
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!  
This reservation we expressly make  
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.  
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded  
Will be presented to them for perusal

●

Before the banquet. No one will find in it  
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!  
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine  
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let  
A counterfeited paper, in the which  
This one particular clause has been left out,  
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then  
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,  
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them  
then  
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave  
Loud as they may against our treachery,  
At court their signatures will be believed  
Far more than their most holy affirmations.  
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely  
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something  
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow  
Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance

How, or how far, we may thereby propel  
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade  
 The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act  
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,  
 And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,  
 He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,  
 That many a time when I have thought myself  
 Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me  
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.  
 He lends the enemy his ear, permits me  
 To write to them, to Arnheim ; to Sesina  
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguised ;  
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,  
 And when I think I have him—off at once——  
 He has slipped from me, and appears as if  
 He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans ! I'll tell you, friend !  
 His soul is occupied with nothing else,  
 Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his  
 dreams  
 That day by day he questions for this purpose  
 The motions of the planets——

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know  
This night, that is now coming, he with SENI  
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower  
To make joint observations—for I hear,  
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;  
And something great, and of long expectation,  
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The wor  
In this next day or two must thrive and grow  
More than it has for years. And let but only  
Things first turn up auspicious here below—  
Mark what I say—the right stars too will sl  
themselves.

Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,  
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay  
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,  
That we too are not idle. Break one string,  
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! Yes!

I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.  
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit Illo.*]

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SCENE II.

(*The Countess steps out from a closet.*)

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming—I can keep him back  
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be there instantly.

You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain

I must confess it, Countess, whether or not  
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You  
know,

No ray has broke out from him on this point.  
You have o'er-rul'd me, and yourself know best,  
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

[*talking to herself, while she is advancing.*]

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—

My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—  
 And without words. What, could I not unriddle,  
 Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,  
 Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen  
 To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her  
 To a bridegroom,\* when no one knows—No!  
 no!——

This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!  
 But it beseems thee not, to draw a card  
 At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains  
 Mutely delivered up to my finessing——  
 Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke  
 Friedland!  
 In her who is thy sister.——

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The commanders!

TERTSKY. (*to the Countess.*)

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—  
 Possess him with a reverie, and send him,  
 Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that  
 He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take your care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

\* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid  
 and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bride-  
 groom, even though the marriage should not take place till  
 years afterwards.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS. (*interrupting him.*)

Go to your guests! Go——

ILLO. (*comes back.*)

Where art staying, Tertsky?

The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly! Instantly!

[*To the Countess.*

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion

In the old man——

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*

### SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage shily.*)

Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks  
around him with uneasiness.*

She's not here!

Where is she?



COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly  
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie  
Concealed behind that screen.

MAX.

There lie her gloves!

*[Snatches at them, but the Countess takes  
them herself.]*

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this—  
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thank you give me for my trouble?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart!  
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—  
With such poor stealth to hazard words and  
glances—

These, these are not my habits!

COUNTESS.

You have still  
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!  
But on this proof of your obedient temper  
I must continue to insist; and only  
On this condition can I play the agent  
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not ?

Where is she ?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it  
 whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,  
 so zealously affected to your interest ?  
 No soul on earth must know it—not your father.  
 It must not above all.

MAX.

Alas! what danger?

There is no face on which I might concentrate  
 my enraptured soul stirs up within me.  
 Tell me! Is all changed around me;  
 Is it only I ?

I find myself,  
 Among strangers! Not a trace is left  
 Of all my former wishes, former joys.  
 Where has it vanished to? There was a time  
 When even, methought, with such a world, as this,  
 I was not discontented. Now how flat!  
 How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!  
 My comrades are intolerable to me.  
 My father—Even to him I can say nothing.  
 My arms, my military duties—O!  
 They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!

I must entreat it of your condescension,  
 You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour  
 With one short glance or two this poor stale world,  
 Where even now much, and of much moment,  
 Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,

I can't but know, is going forward round me.  
 I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,  
 In wild uncustomary movements. Well,  
 In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.  
 Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,  
 No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,  
 The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,  
 The pointless jest, the empty conversation,  
 Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—  
 I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,  
 To seek a silence out for my full heart;  
 And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.  
 No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.  
 There is a cloister here to the \*heaven's gate,

\* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister,  
 or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I

Thither I went, there found myself alone.  
 Over the altar hung a holy mother ;  
 A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend  
 That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,  
 How oft have I beheld that glorious form  
 In splendour, mid ecstatic worshippers ;  
 Yet, still it moved me not ! and now at once  
 Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity !  
 Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship  
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.  
 Only be manageable when that friendship  
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.  
 How long may it be since you declared your passion ?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days ?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here  
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and—

*ave translated it in the former sense ; but fearful of having  
 made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier  
 in Himmelsforte.*

That was the last relay of the whole journey!  
 In a balcony we were standing mute,  
 And gazing out upon the dreary field:  
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,  
 The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy  
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,  
 And trembling ventured I at length these words:  
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that  
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.  
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,  
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,  
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,  
 Lost in the many—" Speak with my aunt Tertsy!"  
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.  
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red  
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground  
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer  
 Did I control myself.

*[The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess, but not by Piccolomini.]*

With instant boldness  
 I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched her's;  
 There was a rustling in the room close by;  
 It parted us—"Twas you. What since has happened,  
 You know.

COUNTESS.

*(after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla.)*

And is it your excess of modesty ;  
Or are you so incurious, that you do not  
Ask me too of my secret ?

MAX.

Of your secret ?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes ! When in the instant after you  
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,  
What she in this first moment of the heart  
Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. *(with eagerness.)*

Well ?

---

SCENE VI.

THEKLA. *(hurries forward)* COUNTESS, MAX.

PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA. *(to the Countess.)*

Spare yourself the trouble :  
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward.*)

My Princess!

What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!

THEKLA. (*to the Countess.*)

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.

Where have *you* stayed so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother

Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,

Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you.

To-day at noon I could not.

The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you

Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

Then you saw me

With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle

Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,

Beheld myself an alien in this circle,

O! what an impulse felt I in that moment

To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*

But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—  
 It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,  
 That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,  
 They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore  
 should he

At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban  
 Of excommunication round you, wherefore  
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,  
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart  
 The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitley  
 May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour  
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummerly,  
 You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

(*to the Countess.*)

He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?  
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!  
 He had quite another nature on the journey—  
 So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.

(*To Max.*)

It was my wish to see you always so,  
 And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself  
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady!



All in a new world, which does homage to you,  
 And which, were't only by its novelty,  
 Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you  
 That many things delight me here : this camp,  
 This motley stage of warriors, which renews  
 So manifold the image of my fancy,  
 And binds to life, binds to reality,  
 What hitherto had but been present to me  
 As a sweet dream !

MAX.

Alas ! not so to me.

It makes a dream of my reality.  
 Upon some island in the ethereal heights  
 I've lived for these last days. This mass of men  
 Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge  
 That, reconducting to my former life,  
 Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life  
 Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart  
 The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,  
 Which having once reviewed, I turn' more joyous  
 Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

*[breaking off, and in a sportive tone]*

In this short time that I've been present here,

OU. What new unheard-of things have I not seen!  
 And yet they all must give place to the wonder  
 Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS. (*recollecting.*)

And what

Can this be then; Methought I was acquainted  
 With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA. (*smiling.*)

Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,  
 Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS. (*laughs.*)

The astrological tower!—How happens it  
 That this same sanctuary, whose access  
 Is to all others so impracticable,  
 Opens before you even at your approach:

THEKLA,

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face  
 And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services  
 Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He questioned me on many points; for instance,  
 When I was born, what month, and on what day,  
 Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wished

To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head  
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,  
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?  
My highest privilege has been to snatch  
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange  
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first  
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now  
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after  
The closing door, was gone; and all about me  
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows  
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven  
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me  
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand  
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;  
And in the tower no other light was there  
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them  
'These are the planets,' said that low old man,

' They govern worldly fates, and for that cause  
 ' Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,  
 ' Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
 ' With bent and yellow forehead, he is SATURN.  
 ' He opposite, the king with the red light,  
 ' An arm'd man for the battle, that is MARS :  
 ' And both these bring but little luck to man.'  
 But at his side a lovely lady stood,  
 The star upon her head was soft and bright,  
 And that was VENUS, the bright star of joy.  
 On the left hand, lo ! MERCURY, with wings.  
 Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright  
 A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;  
 And this was JUPITER, my father's star :  
 And at his side I saw the SUN and MOON.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith  
 In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's PRIDE that peoples space  
 With life and mystical predominance ;  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of LOVE  
 This visible nature, and this common world,  
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import  
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
 Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.  
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place :

Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,  
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself divine.  
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these hav  
 vanished.

They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 \*Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair !

## THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,  
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,

\* No more of talk, where god or angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend familiar, used  
 To sit indulgent. PARADISE LOST, B. IX.

Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.  
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,  
 That in immeasurable heights above us,  
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,  
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses,  
 But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you  
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.  
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,  
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.  
 Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel  
 Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting  
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish  
 Will have remained for his great heart! Enough  
 As he performed for glory, and can now  
 Live for himself and his. To his domains  
 Will he retire; he has a stately seat  
 Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,  
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—  
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here  
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:  
 His ruling passion, to create the splendid,  
 He can indulge without restraint; can give

A princely patronage to every art,  
 And to all worth a Sovereign's protection.  
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,  
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend !  
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it  
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her !

COUNTESS.

What was that ?

Did you hear nothing ? Seem'd, as if I heard  
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[*Exit Countess*]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA.

(*As soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quiet  
 low voice to Piccolomini.*)

Don't trust them ! They are false !

MAX.

Impossible !

THEKLA.

st no one here but me. I saw at once,  
y had a *purpose*.

MAX.

Purpose! but what purpose?  
| how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

ow no more than you; but yet, believe me:  
re's some design in this! to make us happy,  
ealize our union—trust me, love!  
y but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Tertskys——  
y use we them at all? Why not your mother?  
|llent creature! she deserves from us  
ll and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,  
| rate you high before all others—but—  
such a secret—she would never have  
courage to conceal it from my father.  
her own peace of mind we must preserve it  
cret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret?  
e not secrets. Mark, what I will do.



I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*  
 Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,  
 He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—  
 He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA. (*falls on his neck.*)

*That are you!*

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn; but I  
 Have liv'd ten years already in his presence,  
 And who knows whether in this very moment  
 He is not merely waiting for us both  
 To own our loves, in order to unite us.  
 You are silent?—

You look at me with such a hopelessness!  
 What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.

I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—  
 He has no leisure time to think about  
 The happiness of us two.

[*taking his hand tenderly*]

Follow me!

Let us not place too great a faith in men.  
 These Tertslys—we will still be grateful to them  
 For every kindness, but not trust them further  
 Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—  
 On our own hearts!

MAX.

O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now ; Art thou not mine ;  
 Am I not thine ; There lives within my soul  
 A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me !  
 I ought to be less open—ought to hide  
 My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates :  
 But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,  
 If in my mouth thou did'st not find it ;

---

SCENE VI.

*To them enters the Countess TERTSKY.*

COUNTESS. (*in a pressing manner.*)

Come !

My husband sends me for you—It is now  
 The latest moment.

[*They not appearing to attend to what she says,  
 she steps between them.*]

Part you !

THEKLA.

O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Aye? Then time  
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away! away!

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already  
His father has asked for him.

THEKLA.

Ha! his father?

COUNTESS.

You understand *that*, niece!

THEKLA.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?

'Tis not his proper company. They may  
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.  
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA. (*with energy.*)

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.  
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.

What? have you lost your senses, niece?—  
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to Thekla.*)

y, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!  
*Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.*  
 at say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA. (*without looking at him.*)

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

I, when you are angry——  
*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*

COUNTESS.

! Heavens! if any one should come!  
 k! What's that noise? It comes this way.—Off!  
*Max. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes.*

*The Countess accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*

THEKLA. (*plays and sings.*)

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,  
 The damsel paces along the shore;

The billows they tumble with might, with might ;  
 And she sings out her voice to the darksome night,  
 Her bosom is swelling with sorrow ;  
 The world it is empty, the heart will die,  
 There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky :  
 Thou Holy One, call thy child away !  
 I've lived and loved, and that was to-day —  
 Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow\*.

---

\* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the *Alcaic Movement* ; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA. (*spielt und singt.*)

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,  
 Das Mägdlein wändelt an Ufers Grün,  
 Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,  
 Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,  
 Das Auge von Weinen getrübet :  
 Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
 Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.  
 Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA. (*plays and sings.*)

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore ; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping : the heart is dead, the world is

## SCENE VII.

COUNTESS (*returns*) THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

"O, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,  
 Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,  
 And so must be flung after him! For you,  
 Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,  
 I had been more beseeching to have shewn yourself  
 More chary of your person.

---

empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou  
 Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of  
 this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which  
 the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Mar-  
 garet," has favoured me, and which appears to me to have  
 caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,

The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;

Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,

Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,

Her eye upward roving:

The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,

In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;

To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one.

I have partaken of all earth's bliss,

Both living and loving.

THEKLA. (*rising.*)

And what mean you?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten  
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance  
That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.

What then?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince-Duke Fried-  
land.

THEKLA.

Well—and what farther?

COUNTESS.

What? a pretty question!

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.  
He's of an ancient Lombard family,  
Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming?

Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!  
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him  
To honour with his hand the richest heiress  
In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

It thinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him, Count Octavio

Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.

*His!*

His father! *his!* But your's niece, what of your's?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father.

So anxiously you hide it from the man!

His father, *his*, I mean.

COUNTESS. (*looks at her, as scrutinizing.*)

Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

Do not hold your game for won already. Do not

triumph too soon——!

THEKLA (*interrupting her, and attempting to sooth her.*)

Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you.



COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out  
His most important life in toils of war,  
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,  
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted  
His noble head to care, and for this only,  
To make a happy pair of you ? At length  
To draw you from your convent, and conduct  
In easy triumph to your arms the man  
That chanc'd to please your eyes ! All this, methinks,  
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me might yet  
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.  
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,  
Out of his fearful and enormous being,  
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.  
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.  
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,  
For no espousals dost thou find the walls  
Deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.  
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou  
That all these thousands are here congregated  
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding ?

I see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,  
 mother's eye in tears : upon the balance  
 the great destiny of all our house.  
 Now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,  
 must it far behind thee ! Give thou proof,  
 thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*,  
 where he moves creates the wonderful.  
 To herself the woman must belong,  
 wed and bound to alien destinies.  
 He performs the best part, she the wisest,  
 can transmute the alien into self,  
 and disarm necessity by choice ;  
 what must be, take freely to her heart,  
 bear and foster it with mother's love.

## THEKLA.

Never was my lesson in the convent.  
 No loves, no wishes, knew myself  
 as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty !  
 Name, the echo of whose blast drove to me  
 from the far distance, wakened in my soul  
 deeper thought than this—I am appointed  
 to suffer up myself in passiveness to him.

## COUNTESS.

'Tis thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.  
 Like thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shewn me *him*, to whom behoves it  
That I should offer up myself. In gladness  
*Him* will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shewn him !  
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child !

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.  
I am all his ! *His* Present—*his* alone,  
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me ?

COUNTESS.

Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he  
Have otherwise determined with thy person ?  
[*Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.*  
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking ?—Child,  
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

*My* name too is Friedland.  
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What ? he has vanquished all impediment,  
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter  
Shall a new struggle rise for him ; Child ! child !

As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;  
 The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,  
 I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,  
 I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet  
 Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims  
 May have the same direction as thy wish.  
 But this can never, never be his will  
 That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,  
 Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;  
 And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself  
 Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever  
 Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices  
 The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[*Exit Countess.*]

THEKLA. (*who during the last speech had been  
 standing evidently lost in her re-  
 flections.*)

I thank thee for the hint. It turns  
 My sad presentiment to certainty.  
 And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,  
 Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!  
 O she said rightly—no auspicious signs  
 Beam on this covenant of our affections.  
 This is no theatre, where hope abides.  
 The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.  
 And love himself, as he were armed in steel,

Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,  
 And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.  
 It drove me hither from my calm asylum,  
 It mocks my soul with charming witchery,  
 It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,  
 I see it near, I see it nearer floating,  
 It draws it pulls me with a god-like power—  
 And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—  
 I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet room becomes louder.*

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,  
 Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,  
 Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,  
 Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,  
 \*And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,  
 Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[*Exit THEKLA.*

\* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthendschleudert selbst der Gott der Freude  
 Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

## SCENE VIII.

*A large Saloon lighted up with festal Splendour ; in the Midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same Number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in Motion. The Band of Music belonging to Tertsy's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, Isolani comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been ?  
Off, to thy place—quick ! Tertsy here has given  
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.

Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.  
 Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving  
 At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;  
 There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,  
 With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,  
 And all the great Bohemian feodalties.  
 Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up  
 For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from  
 the second and third tables.*)

Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read  
 This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,  
 The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,  
 Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe  
 His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads.*)

“ Ingratis servire nefas.”

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,  
 And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

“ Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the

ustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and to part from us without our approbation thereof, we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by Isolani.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names.”

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour can do it, aye must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Ay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI. (*drawing Max. along.*)

Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*]



## SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY, [*beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*]

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.  
It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it

Letter by letter, line by line; no eye  
Would e'er discover other difference,  
Save only the omission of that clause,  
According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—  
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—  
[*Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps  
back again to the side-table.*]

## SCENE X.

ILLO. (*Comes out from the second chamber.*)

TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—  
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table: You forget not  
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,  
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.  
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already  
It is the talk, not merely to maintain  
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all  
Together and unanimous, why not,"  
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,  
And make conditions with the Emperor  
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,  
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,  
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler?

How goes it there? Hush!

## SCENE XI.

*To them enter BUTLER from the second table.*

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.

Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.

Good luck be to the scheme ; and as to me,

*[with an air of mystery.*

You may depend upon me.

ILLO. *(with vivacity.)*

May we, Butler ?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!

You understand me ? My fidelity

The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!

Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,

As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain

The Emperor's general ! and Friedland's servant,

As soon as it shall please him to become

His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange.

No stern economist, no Ferdinand,

Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER. *(with a haughty look.)*

I do not put up my fidelity

To sale, Count Tertsy! Half a year ago  
 I would not have advised you to have made me  
 An overture to that, to which I now  
 Offer myself of my own free accord.—  
 But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,  
 I bring myself together with my regiment.  
 And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,  
 The example which I give will not remain  
 Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,  
 That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,  
 As to a light that moves before them?

BUTLER.

Ey?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity  
 Which for the length of forty years I held,  
 If in my sixtieth year my old good name  
 Can purchase for me a revenge so full.  
 Start not at what I say, sir Generals!  
 My real motives—they concern not you.  
 And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect  
 That this your game had crooked *my* judgment—or  
 That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,  
 Has driven the old man from the track of honour,  
 Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!

I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,  
 Because I know and have looked steadily  
 At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

BUTLER.

A friend ! I give you here my hand ! I'm your's  
 With all I have. Not only men, but money  
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs !  
 I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,  
 I lend it him ; and is he my survivor,  
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him,  
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone  
 Here in the world ; nought know I of the feeling  
 That binds the husband to a wife and children.  
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart  
 Like your's weighs tons of gold down, weighs down  
 millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland  
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.  
 From lowest stable duty I climbed up,  
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,

plaything of a whimsical good fortune.  
 Wallenstein too is a child of luck,  
 e a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

is an awful moment! to the brave,  
 he determined, an auspicious moment.  
 Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine  
 ound a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,

MANSFELD, wanted but a longer life  
 ave marked out with his good sword a lordship  
 should reward his courage. Who of these  
 als our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing  
 igh, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERTSKY.

:s spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

rou secure the Spaniard and Italian—  
 e your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.  
 e! to the company!

TERTSKY.

re is the master of the cellar? Ho!  
 he best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!  
 c comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*]

## SCENE XII.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN, Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wine! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

FIRST SERVANT. (*comes.*)

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this an't the seventieth flask——

FIRST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*continuing his discourse to Neumann.*)

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the count, loiter on the brink.—*to the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER. (*comes.*)

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups.*)

This will be something for the tale bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup



indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air here, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederic lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissars.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were the minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter.

Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

*[Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday---from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

*[Health drank aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra?

*[At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard? Hurra!

*[Music strikes up.*

FIRST SERVANT.

Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT. *(comes in running.)*

Did you hear? They have drank the Prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.

.The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT. (*speaking at the same time.*)  
The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Po, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you're called to.

SECOND SERVANT.

[*To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac?—Snapped it up at the third table—Canst go off with it?

RUNNER. (*hides it in his pocket.*)

All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*

THIRD SERVANT. (*aside to the First.*)

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

## FIRST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to Neumann.*)

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*impatiently.*)

Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish\* fellows are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

\* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die *welschen* alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German "Welsch-nüsse." T.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

[*Taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*  
My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the paper  
and calls to a servant for pen and ink,  
and goes to the back of the stage.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to the servants.*)

The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

[*They rise at all the tables, the servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*

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SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, and KOLATTO.

ISOLANI. (*while the company is coming forward.*)  
Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night,

Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ. (*to Tiefenbach.*)

Noble brother! (*making the usual compliment after meals.*)

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO. (*aside to Maradas.*)

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation. (*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*)

ISOLANI. (*on the point of going.*)

Lights! lights!

TERTSKY. (*advances with the paper to Isolani.*)

Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen! [*Isolani hands over the paper to Octavio respectfully.*]

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here. (*Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsy watches him at some distance.*)

GOETZ. (*to Tertsy.*)

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*to the servants.*)—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH. (*sits down.*)

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.



TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General!

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach---only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI. (*pointing at his corpulence.*)

Poor legs! how *should* they? Such an unmerciful load! (*Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsky; who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*)

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers---ice and snow---no help for it.---I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

TERTSKY. (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.*) Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?---Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well---I must bear it.

[*Tertsky gives the paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO. (*advancing to Butler.*)

You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO. (*stepping nearer to him friendly.*)

Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio, all this takes place, the conversation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.*]

OCTAVIO. (*introducing Maradas to Butler.*)

Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. (*Butler bows.*)

OCTAVIO. (*continuing.*)

You are a stranger here—twas but yesterday you arrived;—you are ignorant of the ways and

means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER. (*coldly.*)

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Piccolominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*]

OCTAVIO. (*After having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX.

I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO, (*advancing still nearer.*)

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

MAX.

What does Tertsy know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY. (*with the paper.*)

Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY. (*calling aloud.*)

Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTLER. (*to Tertsy.*)

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO. (*presses on to Max.*)

Come, General! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI. (*pointing to Mar.*)

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (*Mar. receives the paper from Tertsky, which he looks upon vacantly.*)

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SCENE XIV.

(*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*)

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO. (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*)

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*em-*

*bracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

TERTSKY. (*whispering to him.*)

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are.

ILLO. (*aloud.*)

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there! (*looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us thank heaven!

TERTSKY. (*to Butler, eagerly.*)

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER. (*to Illo.*)

Field Marshal! a word with you. (*leads him to the side-board.*)

ILLO. (*cordially.*)

A thousand for one; Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI. (*to Max. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*)

Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

MAX. (*waking as from a dream.*)

What am I to do?

TERTSKY, *and at the same time* ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (*Octavio directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*)

MAX. (*returns the paper.*)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY. (*to Octavio.*)

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO. (*leaves the service cup on the side-board.*)  
What's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo good night !

ILLO.

No ! You come not off so ! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. (*All collect round Illo and Max.*)

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff ?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERTSKY. (*in extreme embarrassment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words gave a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.*) It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI. (*with a bitter laugh.*)

Wine invents nothing : it only *tattles*.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences ! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——



TERTSKY. (*interrupting him.*)

He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

ILLO. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*)

Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper.*)

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

TERTSKY. (*in a low voice to Illo.*)

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH. (*to Kolatto.*)

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER. (*to one of the commanders.*)

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whe-

her we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI. (*to one of the generals.*)

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY. (*to Goetz.*)

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back.*)

Till to-morrow, therefore!

ILLO. (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his sword in the other.*)

Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER. (*all together.*)

Down with the sword!

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky.*)

Take him off to bed.

[*Max. leaves the stage. Illo cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*]

## ACT. III.—SCENE I.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion.—*

*It is Night.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre,  
with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

— And when my son comes in, conduct him  
hither.

What is the hour?

VALET.

"Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

et down the light. We mean not to undress.

You may retire to sleep.

*[Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the  
chamber; Max. Piccolomini enters unob-  
served, and looks at his father for some  
moments in silence.]*

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows  
That odious business was no fault of mine.  
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.  
What *thou* hadst sanctioned, should not, it might  
    seem,  
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—  
Thou know'st, that in such matters I must follow  
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO. (*goes up to him, and embraces him.*)

Follow it,

O follow it still further, my best son!  
To night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully  
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so.

For after what has taken place this night,  
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*]

Max. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of  
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,  
Although I love not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

on no other ground hadst thou refused  
signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

s a serious business—I was absent—  
ffair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

en, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

cion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

c thy good angel, Piccolomini:  
ew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

w not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

would they have extorted from thee, son,  
sanction of thy name to villainy;  
with a single flourish of thy pen,  
thee renounce thy duty and thy honour!

MAX. (*rises.*)

no!

OCTAVIO.

Patience! Seat yourself. Much yet  
thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years  
in incomprehensible illusion.

Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out  
 As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :  
 A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.  
 I dare no longer stand in silence—dare  
 No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,  
 Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father!

Yet, ere thou speakest, a moment's pause of thought!  
 If your disclosures should appear to be  
 Conjectures only—and almost I fear  
 They will be nothing further—spare them! I  
 Am not in that collected mood at present,  
 That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,  
 The more impatient cause have I, my son,  
 To force it on thee. To the innocence  
 And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee  
 With calm assurance—but I see the net  
 Preparing—and it is thy heart itself  
 Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

*[fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.*

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

*[Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts  
 his eyes to the ground embarrassed.*

OCTAVIO. (*after a pause.*)

now, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul  
game

with thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—  
the Duke even now is playing. He assumes  
the mask, as if he would forsake the army;  
and in this moment makes the preparations  
to draw his army from the Emperor—to *steal*,  
and carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not  
expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,  
from which thou hearest it at this present moment,  
warrants thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke;  
that, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream  
that he can lure away full thirty thousand  
loyal troops and true, all honourable soldiers,  
more than a thousand noblemen among them,  
from oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,  
and make them all unanimous to do  
deed that brands them scoundrels?



OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,

With such a front of infamy, the Duke  
 No ways desires—what he requires of us  
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing  
 He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.  
 And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,  
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it.  
 All parts of the Empire will he pacify,  
 And for his trouble will retain in payment  
 (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,  
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here.  
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!  
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,  
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.  
 But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,  
 What base intrigues, what lying artifices,  
 Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow  
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—  
 Loosed all the bands, that link the officer  
 To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier  
 Affectionately to the citizen.

As he stands, and threateningly beleaguers  
 Fate he's bound to guard. To such a height  
 He's wold, that at this hour the Emperor  
 On his armies—his own armies—trembles;  
 In his capital, his palace, fears  
 Traitors' poniards, and is meditating  
 To fly off and hide his tender offspring—  
 From the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—  
 From his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

O cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know  
 How oft we tremble at an empty terror;  
 How false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

O phantasm. An intestine war,  
 The most unnatural and cruel,  
 Burst out into flames, if instantly  
 You not fly and stifle it. The Generals  
 Many of them long ago won over;  
 Subalterns are vacillating—whole  
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.  
 Foreigners our strong holds are entrusted;  
 That suspected Schafgotch is the whole  
 Of Silesia given up: to Tertsky  
 Regiments, foot and horse.—to Isolani,  
 O, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke  
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us  
Still further on by splendid promises.  
To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz  
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel  
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!  
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us  
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself  
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever  
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.  
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and  
Decline we that—to be his hostages.  
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;  
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,  
If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—  
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.

e needs our aidance to maintain himself—  
 e did so much for us ; and 'tis but fair  
 hat we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

nd know'st thou what it is which we must do ?  
 hat Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.  
 esthink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen ?  
 he counterfeited paper—the omission  
 f that particular clause, so full of meaning,  
 oes it not prove, that they would bind us down  
 o nothing good ?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper  
 ppears to me no other than a trick  
 f Illo's own device. These underhand  
 aders in great men's interests ever use  
 o urge and hurry all things to the extreme.  
 ey see the Duke at variance with the court,  
 nd fondly think to serve him, when they widen  
 he breach irreparably. Trust me, father,  
 he Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me  
 at I must dash to earth, that I must shatter  
 faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !  
 r this is not a time for tenderness.

Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.  
 I therefore will confess to thee, that all  
 Which I've entrusted to thee now—that all  
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable,  
 That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max! I had  
 it all  
 From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I  
 had it.

MAX. (*in excessive agitation.*)

No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me  
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered  
 By other means—himself confided to me,  
 That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;  
 And, at the head of the united armies,  
 Compel the Emperor——

MAX.

He is passionate  
 The Court has stung him—he is sore all over  
 With injuries and affronts; and in a moment  
 Of irritation, what if he, for once,  
 Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:  
 And having construed my astonishment

Into a scruple of his power, he shewed me  
His written evidences—shewed me letters,  
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave  
Promise of aidance, and defin'd the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be!—can *not* be!—*can* not be!  
Dost thou not see, it cannot!  
Thou wouldest of necessity have shewn him  
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he  
Had taken thee for his better genius, or  
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,  
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;  
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment  
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred  
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been  
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!  
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me  
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,  
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy  
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause  
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

MAX.

That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible  
Still to preserve that infant purity  
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.  
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch  
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue  
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes  
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.  
This is the curse of every evil deed,  
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.  
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms :  
I but perform my orders ; the Emperor  
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,

Far better were it, doubtless, if we all  
 Obed the heart at all times ; but so doing,  
 In this our present sojourn with bad men,  
 We must abandon many an honest object.  
 'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,  
 By what means he can best be served—the heart  
 May whisper what it will—this is our call !

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed, that to-day  
 I should not comprehend, not understand thee,  
 The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out  
 His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose ;  
 And thou dishonestly hast cheated him  
 For a good purpose ! Silence, I entreat thee—  
 My friend thou stealest not from me—  
 Let me not lose my father !

OCTAVIO. (*suppressing resentment.*)

As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have  
 Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

[*After a pause.*

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies  
 Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,  
 And thinks to fall upon us by surprize.  
 Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already  
 The golden circle in his hand. He errs.



We too have been in action—he but grasps  
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.

O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good  
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,  
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after him,  
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—  
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!

Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet  
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission  
He brought with him a *private* one, my son!  
And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO. (*seizes the patent.*)

Max!

[*A pause.*]

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands  
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.  
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:  
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,  
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.  
Thou nourishest the *wish*.—O let me still  
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!

he *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself  
et closer to him ——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

O my son!

trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I  
equally sure of thy collectedness?  
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,  
to enter this man's presence, when that I  
have trusted to thee his whole fate?

MAX.

According

as thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[*Octavio takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and  
gives it to him.*]

MAX.

What? how? a full Imperial patent!

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it.*)

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (*throws down the paper.*)

this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further, with a look of  
affright and astonishment on his father.*)

How! what! Thou! thou!

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King  
Of Hungary may safely join the army,  
Is the command assigned to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou,  
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?  
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!  
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.  
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?  
The mighty, in the middle of his host,  
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou  
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all  
of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.  
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty  
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,  
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.  
The Emperor hath true servants still; and, even  
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,

r the good cause will fight gallantly.  
 hful have been warned—the dangerous  
 ely watched. I wait but the first step,  
 n immediately——

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

tely?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.  
 d alone he'll punish, not the wish.  
 ce hath yet his destiny in his power.  
 but leave the treason uncompleted,  
 be silently displaced from office,  
 ce way to his Emperor's royal son.  
 urable exile to his castles  
 a benefaction to him rather  
 aishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

llest thou such a step? A wicked step  
 ll he take; but thou mightest easily,  
 u hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

whoever punishable were  
 iedland's purposes, yet still the steps  
 e hath taken openly, permit  
 onstruction. It is my intention

III.

M

To leave this paper wholly uninforced  
 Till some act is committed which convicts him  
 Of an high-treason, without doubt or plea,  
 And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.  
 After the counter-promise of this evening,  
 It cannot be but he must deem himself  
 Secure of the majority with *us*;  
 And of the army's general sentiment  
 He hath a pleasing proof in that petition  
 Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.  
 Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave  
 Hath changed his route, and travels by forced  
 marches

To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,  
 Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,  
 This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action  
 Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

ossible? Still, after all thou know'st,  
thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm.*)

dgment may mistake; my heart can not.

[*moderates his voice and manner.*]

reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;  
ay expound not Friedland—I have faith:  
he knits his fortunes to the stars,  
o doth he resemble them in secret,  
rful, still inexplicable courses!  
ae, they do him wrong. All will be solved.  
mokes, at once, will kindle into flame—  
ges of this black and stormy cloud  
ighten suddenly, and we shall view  
approachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

wait it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. *as before.* To them the  
*Valet of the Chamber.*

OCTAVIO.

ow, then?

VALET.

A dispatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

*[Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.]*

OCTAVIO.

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?

Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina,

the old negociator.

OCTAVIO. (*eagerly.*)

And you have him?

CORNET.

the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand  
found and secured him yester morning early:  
he was proceeding then to Regenspurg,  
and on him were dispatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the dispatches—

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

sent them that instant to Vienna, and  
he prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tiding!

That fellow is a precious casket to us,  
enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.

Were none in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.



OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina ?

CORNET.

He was sorely frightened,  
When it was told him he must to Vienna.  
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,  
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your Lord ? I heard  
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past  
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,  
At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty  
Small companies together, chosen men ;  
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,  
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.  
And when must you return ?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

*(Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is  
going.)*

OCTAVIO.

No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Through the cloister wicket  
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

To, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.  
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening  
I shall dispatch you. The development  
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,  
That even now is dawning in the heaven,  
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot  
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

[*Exit Cornet.*]

### SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;  
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX.

*Who through the whole of the foregoing scene has  
been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings,  
at length starts as one resolved.)*

will procure me light a shorter way.  
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO. (*alarmed.*)

What——

MAX. (*returning.*)

If thou hast believed that I shall act  
 A part in this thy play——  
 Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.  
 My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,  
 False with the heart—I may not, cannot be :  
 Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—  
 As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience  
 With such low pleas as these :—“ I asked him not—  
 He did it all at his own hazard—and  
 My *mouth* has never lied to him.”—No, no !  
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.  
 —I'll to the Duke ; ere yet this day is ended  
 Will I demand of him that he do save  
 His good name from the world, and with one stride  
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.  
 He can, he will !—*I* still am his believer.  
 Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters  
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.  
 How far may not this Tertsy have proceeded—

**What** may not he himself too have permitted  
**Himself** to do, to snare the enemy,  
**The** laws of war excusing? Nothing, save  
**His** own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!  
**And** face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

**I** have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.  
**I** calculated on a prudent son,  
**Who** would have blest the hand beneficent  
**That** plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!  
**A** fascinated being I discover,  
**Whom** his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,  
**Whom** not the broadest light of noon can heal.  
**Go**, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.  
**The** purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,  
**Go**, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me  
**To** an open breach before the time. And now,  
**Now** that a miracle of heaven had guarded  
**My** secret purpose even to this hour,  
**And** laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,  
**Let** me have lived to see that mine own son,

With frantic enterprise, annihilates  
My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAX.

Aye—this state-policy? O how I curse it!  
You will some time, with your state-policy,  
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,  
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,  
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,  
You close up every outlet, hem him in  
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—  
Yes, *ye*,—*ye force* him, in his desperation,  
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!  
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!  
And let it be decided as it may,  
I see with boding heart the near approach  
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.  
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,  
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.  
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean  
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst  
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew  
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;  
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall  
All us, who 're fixed and mortised to his fortune.  
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,

That I must bear me on in my own way.  
All must remain pure betwixt him and me ;  
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known  
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.  
*[During his exit the curtain drops.]*

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

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*Scene a Room fitted up for astrological Labours, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopes, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Colossal Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Colour on its Head, stand in a Semi-circle in the Back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on Occasions.*

*[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but, in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]*

WALLENSTEIN *at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with Chalk.* SENI *is taking Observations through a window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,

he dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.  
 We must give o'er the operation. Come,  
 We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me  
 just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising :  
 like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

she is at present in her perigee,  
 and shoots down now her strongest influences.

[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*]

an auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,  
 at length the mighty three corradiate ;  
 and the two stars of blessing, Jupiter  
 and Venus, take between them the malignant  
 lily-malicious Mars, and thus compel  
 into *my* service that old mischief-founder :  
 for long he viewed me hostilely, and ever  
 With beam oblique, or perpendicular,  
 Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,  
 shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing  
 their blessed influences and sweet aspects.  
 Now they have conquered the old enemy,  
 and bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI. (*who has come down from the window.*)

and in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!  
 That makes each influence of double strength.



## WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,  
 The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.  
 SOL is the heart, LUNA the head of heaven.  
 Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

## SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no  
 Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,  
 Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

## WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by ;  
 Lord of the secret birth of things is he ;  
 Within the lap of earth, and in the depths  
 Of the imagination dominates ;  
 And his are all things that eschew the light.  
 The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance ;  
 For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,  
 And the dark work, complete of preparation,  
 He draws by force into the realm of light.  
 Now must we hasten on to action, ere  
 The scheme, and most auspicious posture  
 Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight ;  
 For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[*There are knocks at the door.*

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY. (*from without.*)

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Aye—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY. (*from without.*)

Why all aside at present, I entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

*While Seni opens the door for Tertsky, Wallenstein draws the curtain over the figures.*

TERTSKY. (*enters.*)

Hasst thou already heard it? He is taken.

Wallenstein has given him up to the Emperor.

[*Seni draws off the black table, and exit.*]

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to Tertsky.*)

Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

That man who knows our secrets, who knows every  
association with the Swede and Saxon,  
through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

WALLENSTEIN. (*drawing back.*)

Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede  
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,  
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.  
There must have been found on him my whole packet  
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:  
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight  
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

---

SCENE III.

*To them enters ILLO.*

ILLO. (*to Tertsky.*)

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Thinkest thou still

To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain  
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish  
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know  
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must  
press;  
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,  
Which shew beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee  
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,

That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,  
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?  
*His* word must pass for thy word with the Swede,  
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,  
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth  
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?  
If he can save himself by yielding up  
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;  
And since they now have evidence authentic  
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,  
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer  
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue  
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army

Lies my security. The army will not  
 Abandon me. Whatever they may know,  
 The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—  
 And substitute I caution for my fealty,  
 They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—  
 'Tis thine : but think with terror on the slow,  
 The quiet power of time. From open violence  
 The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee  
 To-day—to-morrow ; but grant'st thou them a respite,  
 Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love  
 On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,  
 With wily theft will draw away from thee  
 One after the other——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident !

ILLO.

O I will call it a most blessed one,  
 If it work on thee as it ought to do,  
 Hurry thee on to action—to decision—  
 The Swedish General——

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived ! Know'st thou

What his commission is——

ILLO.

To thee alone  
 I'll he entrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,  
 she knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.

's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,  
 his neck is forfeit. Can he save himself  
 at any cost, think you he will scruple it?  
 And if they put him to the torture, will he,  
 like *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough——

WALLENSTEIN. (*lost in thought.*)

Their confidence is lost—irreparably!  
 And I may act what way I will, I shall  
 never and remain for ever in their thought  
 as a traitor to my country. How sincerely  
 never I return back to my duty,  
 they will no longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,  
 that it will do! Not thy fidelity,  
 thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——

WALLENSTEIN. (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation.*)

What! I must realize it now in earnest,

Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?  
 Accursed he who dallies with a devil!  
 And must I—I *must* realize it now—  
 Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

WALLENSTEIN. (*looking at the paper of signatures.*)

I have the Generals' word—a written promise!  
 Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

TERTSKY.

It was—he fancied—

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.  
 The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—  
 Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,  
 And openly resist the Imperial orders.  
 The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO,

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy  
 To lead them over to the enemy  
 Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,  
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO. (*eagerly to Tertsky.*)

Go, call him !  
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay !  
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me  
All by surprize,—it came too quick upon me ;  
Tis wholly novel, that an accident,  
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,  
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,  
And after weigh it.

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*]

## SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in soliloquy.*)

Is it possible ?  
Is't so ? I *can* no longer what I *would* ?  
No longer draw back at my liking ? I  
Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,



And fed this heart here with a dream ? Because  
 I did not scowl temptation from my presence,  
 Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,  
 Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,  
 And only kept the road, the access open ?  
 By the great God of Heaven ! It was not  
 My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.  
 I but amused myself with thinking of it.  
 The free-will tempted me, the power to do  
 Or not to do it.—Was it criminal  
 To make the fancy minister to hope,  
 To fill the air with pretty toys of air,  
 And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me ?  
 Was not the will kept free ? Beheld I not  
 The road of duty close beside me—but  
 One little step, and once more I was in it !  
 Where am I ? Whither have I been transported ?  
 No road, no track behind me, but a wall,  
 Impenetrable, insurmountable,  
 Rises obedient to the spells I muttered  
 And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

*[Pauses and remains in deep thought.]*

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,  
 Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me ;  
 The equivocal demeanour of my life  
 Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.

**And even my purest acts from purest motives**  
**Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.**  
**Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,**  
**A goodly outside I had sure reserved,**  
**Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me,**  
**Been calm and chary of my utterance.**  
**But being conscious of the innocence**  
**Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,**  
**I gave way to my humours, to my passion :**  
**Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.**  
**Now every planless measure, chance event,**  
**The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,**  
**And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,**  
**Will they connect, and weave them all together**  
**Into one web of treason ; all will be plan,**  
**My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,**  
**Step tracing step, each step a politic progress ;**  
**And out of all they'll fabricate a charge**  
**So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.**  
**I am caught in my own net, and only force,**  
**Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.**

[*Pauses again.*]

**How else ! since that the heart's unbiass'd instinct**  
**Impelled me to the daring deed, which now**  
**Necessity, self-preservation, *ordiers*.**  
**Stern is the On-look of Necessity,**

Not without shudder may a human hand  
 Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.  
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,  
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner  
 Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,  
 Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs  
 For ever to those sly malicious powers  
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

*[Paces in agitation through the chamber, then  
 pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again  
 into audible soliloquy.]*

What is thy enterprize? thy aim? thy object?  
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself!  
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,  
 Power on an ancient consecrated throne,  
 Strong in possession, founded in old custom;  
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots  
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.  
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.  
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,  
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,  
 Who full himself of courage kindles courage  
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,  
 The which I fear—a fearful enemy,  
 Which in the human heart opposes me,  
 By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.

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**Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,  
 Makes known its present being, that is not  
 The true, the perilously formidable.  
 O no ! it is the common, the quite common,  
 The thing of an eternal yesterday,  
 What ever was, and evermore returns,  
 Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling !  
 For of the wholly common is man made,  
 And custom is his nurse ! Woe then to them,  
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old  
 House furniture, the dear inheritance  
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates ;  
 And what is grey with age becomes religion.  
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,  
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee !**

*[To the Page, who here enters.*

The Swedish officer ?—Well, let him enter.

*[The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep  
 thought on the door.*

**Yet is it pure—as yet !—the crime has come  
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is  
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.**

## SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN *and* WRANGEL.WALLENSTEIN. (*after having fixed a searching  
look on him.*)

Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General  
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel  
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,  
And by his brave resistance was the cause  
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element  
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my  
merit.The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,  
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve  
One and the same.WALLENSTEIN. (*makes the motion for him to  
take a seat, and seats himself.*)And where are your credentials?  
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

## WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN. (*having read the credentials.*)

An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent  
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!  
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils  
His late departed Sovereign's own idea  
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

## WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,  
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's  
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;  
And always the commanding Intellect,  
He said, should have command, and be the King.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,

[*Taking his hand affectionately.*]

Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always  
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience  
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;  
I had you often in my power, and let you  
Always slip out by some back door or other.  
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,  
Which drives me to this present step: and since  
Our interests so run in one direction,  
E'en let us have a thorough confidence  
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come  
Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;  
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly  
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks  
If I can play false with the Emperor,  
Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like  
With the enemy, and that *the one* too were  
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.  
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.  
I can no longer honourably serve him.  
For my security, in self-defence,  
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe, So far would no one go  
Who was not forced to it.

[After a pause.]

What may have impelled  
Your princely Highness in this wise to act  
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,  
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.

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**T**he Swede is fighting for his good old cause.  
**W**ith his good sword and conscience. This con-  
 currence,  
**T**his opportunity, is in our favour,  
**A**nd all advantages in war are lawful.  
**W**e take what offers without questioning ;  
**A**nd if all have its due and just proportions——

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?  
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,  
 Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,  
 That I would instantly go over to them  
 With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,  
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.  
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,  
 How some years past, beyond all human faith,  
 You called an army forth, like a creation :  
 But yet——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,  
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing  
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,  
 Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them——



WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend?

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks *so*?—He judges like a Swede,  
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans  
 Fight for your Bible. You are interested  
 About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow  
 Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts  
 To the enemy, hath broken covenant  
 With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here  
 No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands—  
 The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,  
 And has good cause to love it—but this army,  
 That calls itself the Imperial, this that houses  
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;  
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,  
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs  
 Nothing, except the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

But then the Nobles and the Officers?  
 Such a desertion such a felony,

It is without example, my Lord Duke,  
 In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They are all mine—

Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.

Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*[He gives him the paper containing the written  
 oath. Wrangel reads it through, and, having  
 read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.]*

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend, who can!

My Lord Duke; I will let the mask drop—yes!

I've full powers for a final settlement.

The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from  
 here,

With fifteen thousand men, and only waits

For orders to proceed and join your army.

Those orders *I* give out, immediately

We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor?

WRANGEL. (*considerately.*)

Twelve Regiments, every man a Swede—my head

The warranty—and all might prove at last

Only false play—

WALLENSTEIN. (*starting.*)

Sir Swede !

WRANGEL. (*calmly proceeding.*)

Am therefore forced

T<sup>e</sup> insist thereon, that he do formally,  
Irrevocably break with the Emperor,  
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief, and open ! What is the demand ?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments  
Attached to the Emperor, that he seize Prague,  
And to the Swedes give up that city, with  
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed !  
Prague !—Egra's granted — But — but Prague !—  
'Twon't do

I give you every security  
Which you may ask of me in common reason—  
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,  
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.

But 'tis not the protection that is now  
Our sole concern. We want security,

That we shall not expend our men and money  
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long  
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL. (*rising.*)

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,  
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called  
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire  
From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd  
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.  
But now already is the benefaction  
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.—  
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us.  
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,  
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum  
Of money, home again to our old forests.  
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was  
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,  
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone\*.

\* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great King having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

No, not for gold and silver have there bled  
 So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither  
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,  
 Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*  
 Will we remain upon the soil, the which  
 Our Monarch conquered for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,  
 And the fair border land must needs be your's.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquished,  
 Who knits together our new friendship then?  
 We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the  
 Swede

Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on  
 Secret negociations with the Saxons.

Who is our warranty, that *we* are not  
 The sacrifices in those articles  
 Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN. (*rises.*)

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel?  
 Of Prague no more.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital!

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Far liever would I face about, and step  
Back to my Emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits——

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,  
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

*(Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.)*

My Lord Duke hear me—We believe that you  
At present do mean honourably by us.  
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now  
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing  
Stands in the way of our full confidence.  
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor  
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace  
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.  
But Egra, above all, must open to us,  
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me?  
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat, that your consideration

Occupy not too long a time. Already  
 Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke !  
 Crept on into the second year. If nothing  
 Is settled this time, will the Chancellor  
 Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,  
 Ought to be *thought of*.

WRANGEL.

Ay ! but think of this too,  
 That sudden action only can procure it  
 Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[*Exit Wrangel.*]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO. (*re-enter.*)

ILLO.

Is't all right ?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised ?

ILLO.

This Swede

Went smiling from you, Yes ! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

et is nothing settled : and (well weighed)  
I myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

? What is that ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,  
doing evil to avoid an evil  
not be good !

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke ?

WALLENSTEIN.

ve upon the mercy of these Swedes !  
ese proud-hearted Swedes I could not bear it.

ILLO.

st thou as fugitive, as mendicant ?  
gest thou not more to them than thou receivest ?

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SCENE VII.

*To these enter the* COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

sent for you ? There is no business here  
women.



COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsy, bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.

You know it is the weapon that destroys me.

I am routed, if a woman but attack me.

I cannot traffic in the trade of words

With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already

Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN. (*sarcastically.*)

They have one,

In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS. (*to the others.*)

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He *will not* what he *must!*

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,

When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,  
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all  
Lay in the far off distance, when the road  
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,  
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,  
Now that the dream is being realized,  
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,  
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?  
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;  
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;  
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;  
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS. (*hastily.*)

—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience.  
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

COUNTESS. (*laughs.*)

Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be informed hereafter.

First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

[*Erit Servant.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder  
Way of escape were possible—I still  
Will chuse it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way  
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.  
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away  
All thy past life; determine to commence  
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,  
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—  
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;  
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,  
Thou did'st but wish to prove thy fealty;  
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.  
He would but bear his own head to the block.

## COUNTESS.

**I** fear not that. They have not evidence  
**To** attain him legally, and they avoid  
**The** avowal of an arbitrary power.  
**They'll** let the Duke resign without disturbance.  
**I** see how all will end. The King of Hungary  
**Makes** his appearance, and 'twill of itself  
**Be** understood, that then the Duke retires.  
**There** will not want a formal declaration.  
**The** young King will administer the oath  
**To** the whole army; and so all returns  
**To** the old position. On some morrow morning  
**The** Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle  
**Within** his castles. He will hunt, and build,  
**Superintend** his horses' pedigrees,  
**Creates** himself a court, gives golden keys,  
**And** introduceth strictest ceremony  
**In** fine proportions, and nice etiquette;  
**Keeps** open table with high cheer; in brief  
**Commenceth** mighty King—in miniature.  
**And** while he prudently demeans himself,  
**And** gives himself no actual importance,  
**He** will be let appear whate'er he likes;  
**And** who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear  
**A** mighty Prince to his last dying hour?  
**Well** now, what then? Duke Friedland is, as others,

A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised  
 To price and currency, a Jonah's Gourd,  
 An over-night creation of court-favour,  
 Which with an undistinguishable ease  
 Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in extreme agitation.*)

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou  
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,  
 So ignominiously to be dried up?  
 Thy life, that arrogated such an height,  
 To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,  
 When one was always nothing, is an evil  
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,  
 But to become a nothing, having been——

WALLENSTEIN. (*starts up in violent agitation.*)

Shew me a way out of this stifling crowd,  
 Ye Powers of Aidance! Shew me such a way  
 As *I* am capable of going.—I  
 Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;  
 I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say  
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me,  
 Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not."  
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.

Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,  
 If so I may avoid the last extreme;  
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,  
 Leave off so little, who began so great,  
 Ere that the world confuses me with those  
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,  
 This age and after ages\* speak my name  
 With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption  
 For each accursed deed!

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,  
 So against nature? Help me to perceive it!  
 O let not Superstition's nightly goblins  
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid  
 To murder?—with abhorr'd accursed poniard,  
 To violate the breasts that nourished thee?  
 That *were* against our nature, that might aptly  
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken,†

\* Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world, for posterity.—“*Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Nahmen*”—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, &c.

† I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line,

“werth  
 “*Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen.*”

Yet not a few, and for a meaner object  
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.  
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?  
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with  
 Or without justice is not now the question—  
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly  
 Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland!

*Duke!*

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,  
 That doth not all his living faculties  
 Put forth in preservation of his life?  
 What deed so daring, which necessity  
 And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :  
 He loved me ; he esteemed me ; I was placed  
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time  
 We like familiar friends, both at one table,  
 Have banqueted together. He and I—  
 And the young kings themselves held me the bason  
 Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,  
 And hast no memory for contumelies?  
 Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg  
 This man repaid thy faithful services?

All ranks and all conditions in the empire  
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst  
loaded on thee,  
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.  
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,  
And why? because thou hadst existed only  
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone  
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered  
round him  
At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!  
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim  
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!  
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity  
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,  
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—  
Say not, the restoration of thy honour  
Has made atonement for that first injustice.  
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,  
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,  
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could  
not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,  
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted  
For this high office; and if I abuse it,  
I shall therein abuse no confidence.



## COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.  
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!  
 Who not with empty names, or shews of proxy,  
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,  
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,  
 And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though  
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble—  
 She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee  
 In this high office, it was she that gave thee  
 Thy letters patent of inauguration.  
 For, to the uttermost moment that they can,  
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate  
 With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach  
 Of extreme peril, when a hollow image  
 Is found a hollow image and no more,  
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands  
 Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,  
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing  
 Of stipulations, duties, reverences,  
 And, like the emancipated force of fire,  
 Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,  
 Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

## WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—  
 Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.

I never held it worth my pains to hide  
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shewn thyself  
A formidable man, without restraint ;  
Hast exercised the full prerogatives  
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been  
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,  
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,  
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,  
Entrusted such a power in hand they feared.  
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right  
Is every individual character  
That acts in strict consistence with itself.  
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.  
Wert thou another being, then, when thou  
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire  
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles  
Of Germany, the universal scourge,  
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,  
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,  
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,  
All to extend thy Sultan's domination ?  
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb  
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.  
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,

What served him pleased him, and without a murmur  
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.  
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it  
*For him*, to day is all at once become  
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed  
*Against him*.—O most flimsy superstition !

WALLENSTEIN. (*rising.*)

I never saw it in this light before.  
 'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated  
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.  
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,  
 I owe to what were services to him,  
 But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it Friedland!)  
 The point can be no more of right and duty,  
 Only of power and the opportunity.  
 That opportunity, lo ! it comes yonder,  
 Approaching with swift steeds ; then with a swing  
 Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,  
 Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent  
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest  
 Of the now empty seat. The moment comes,  
 It is already here, when thou must write  
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,

The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,  
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry  
courses

Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?  
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?  
[*pointing to the different objects in the room.*]

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,  
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee  
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed  
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—  
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?  
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,  
That even to thyself it doth avail  
Nothing, and has no influence over thee  
In the great moment of decision?—

WALLENSTEIN. (*during this last speech walks up  
and down with inward struggles, labouring with  
passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then inter-  
rupting the Countess.*)

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly  
Dispatch three couriers—

ILLO. (*hurrying out.*)

God in heaven be praised!

WALLENSTEIN,

It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.  
Our evil genius! It chastises *him*

Through me, the instrument of his ambition ;  
 And I expect no less, than that Revenge  
 E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.  
 Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope  
 To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime  
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,  
 Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,  
 An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.  
 He can no longer trust me.—Then no longer  
 Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—  
 Still destiny preserves its due relations,  
 The heart within us is its absolute  
 Vicegerent.

(*to Tertsky.*)

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel  
 To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to  
 The couriers.—And dispatch immediately  
 A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*to the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph.*

No exultation!—woman, triumph not !  
 For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.  
 Joy premature, and Shouts ere victory,  
 Incroach upon their rights and privileges.  
 We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

## ACT. V.—SCENE I.

*Scene, as in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN. (*coming forward in conversation.*)

HE sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick;  
But I have sure intelligence, that he  
Secrets himself at Frauenberg with Galas.  
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.  
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command  
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly  
Make preparation, and be never ready;  
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,  
Still answer YES, and stand as thou wert fettered.  
I know, that it is doing thee a service  
To keep thee out of action in this business.  
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;  
Steps of extremity are not thy province,  
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.

Thou wilt this time be of most service to me  
 By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune  
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know  
 What is to do.

(*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.*)

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses:  
 Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—  
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again  
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO. (*to his son.*)

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

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SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him.*)

My General!

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if  
 Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me.

*[He seats himself.]*

Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,  
 Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.  
 Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily  
 The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is  
 To exercise the single apprehension  
 Where the sums square in proof;  
 But where it happens, that of two sure evils  
 One must be taken, where the heart not wholly  
 Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,  
 There 'tis a blessing to have no election,  
 And blank necessity is grace and favour.  
 —This is now present: do not look behind thee,—  
 It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!  
 Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!  
 The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,  
 Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.  
 We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,  
 And our good friends.

*[He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.]*



I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.  
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

*[He rises, and retires at the back of the stage.*

*Max. remains for a long time motionless, in a  
trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion  
Wallenstein returns, and places himself before  
him.*

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me  
Of age, to speak in my own right and person,  
For till this day I have been spared the trouble  
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed  
With most implicit unconditional faith,  
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.  
To day, for the first time, dost thou refer  
Me to myself, and forcest me to make  
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to day;  
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,  
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever  
With undivided heart. It can remain  
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads  
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.  
Thou must needs chuse thy party in the war  
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him  
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War! is that the name?

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.  
 Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.  
 Is that a good war, which against the Emperor  
 Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?  
 O God of heaven! what a change is this.  
 Beseems it me to offer such persuasion  
 To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole  
 Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?  
 O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!  
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,  
 The holy habit of obedience,  
 Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?  
 Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—  
 It always was as a god looking at me!  
 Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:  
 The senses still are in thy bonds, although,  
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

MAX. hear me.

MAX.

O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!  
 There is a pure and noble soul within thee,  
 Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.  
 Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only

Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,  
 It will not let itself be driven away  
 From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,  
 Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce  
 All human creatures to disloyalty  
 Against the nobleness of their own nature.  
 'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,  
 Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,  
 And trusts itself to impotence alone  
 Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.  
 Already have I said to my own self  
 All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids  
 The extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?  
 But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use  
 Or suffer violence—so stands the case,  
 There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee!  
 'Tis the last desperate resource of those  
 Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name  
 Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,  
 Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves  
 In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,  
 And glorious; with an unpolluted heart

Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest!  
But he, who once hath acted infamy,  
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN. (*grasps his hand.*)

Calmly, Max!

Much that is great and excellent will we  
Perform together yet. And if we only  
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon  
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.  
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,  
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.  
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,  
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine  
Send from above, are universal blessings:  
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,  
But never yet was man enriched by them:  
In their eternal realm no *property*  
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.  
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win  
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,  
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light,  
Not without sacrifices are they rendered  
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth  
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being

Do I allow—and to the vehement  
 And striving spirit readily I pardon  
 The excess of action; but to thee, my general!  
 Above *all* others make I large concession.  
 For thou must move a world, and be the master—  
 He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.  
 So be it then! maintain thee in thy post  
 By violence. Resist the Emperor,  
 And if it must be, force with force repel:  
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.  
 But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word  
 Is spoken out—  
 Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.  
 That is no mere excess! that is no error  
 Of human nature—that is wholly different,  
 O that is black, black as the pit of hell!

[*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*]

Thou canst not hear it *nam'd*, and wilt thou do it?  
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,  
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.  
 I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.  
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He  
 Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,  
 And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happened.

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MAX.

Were it too late, and were things gone so far,  
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,  
 Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.  
 Obey the command. Go from the stage of war.  
 Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too  
 With innocence. Thou hast liv'd much for others,  
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.  
 My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing  
 Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones  
 Left fast behind by my post couriers,  
 Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

*[Max. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.]*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.  
 I cannot give assent to my own shame  
 And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!  
 So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,  
 With a firm step. What am I doing worse  
 Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,  
 When he the legions led against his country,  
 The which his country had delivered to him?  
 Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,  
 As I were, if I but disarmed myself.

I trace out something in me of his spirit.

Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[*Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.*

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallowed him.

He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.

I wished some words with him—but he was gone.

How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,

I half believe it was the devil himself;

A human creature could not so at once

Have vanished.

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ILLO. (*enters.*)

Is it true that thou wilt send  
Octavio?

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio! Whither send him!

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither  
the Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No!—

Why, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should Heaven forbid?

ILLO.

Why!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him  
in the soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,  
now, in the very instant that decides us——

TERTSKY.

Why wilt thou not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.

They are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,  
heed to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why should I not trust him only this time.



Who have always trusted him? What, then, has  
happened,

That I should lose my good opinion of him?  
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,  
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.  
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him  
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;  
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore  
I gave it him.

ILLO,

Because he's an Italian—

Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—  
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly  
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,  
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,  
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,  
In what affect they me or my concerns?  
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?  
Love or hate one another as you will,  
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;  
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

in Questenberg, while he was here, was always  
talking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

know that secret messengers came to him  
from Galas——

WALLENSTEIN.

That's not true.

ILLO.

O thou art blind  
with thy deep-seeing eyes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake  
my faith for me—my faith, which founds itself  
on the profoundest science. If 'tis false,  
when the whole science of the stars is false.  
For I know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,  
that he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Isst thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,  
when he is nearer the great Soul of the world  
than in man's custom, and possesses freely

The power of questioning his destiny :  
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night  
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,  
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,  
I looked out far upon the ominous plain .  
My whole life, past and future, in this moment  
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,  
And to the destiny of the next morning  
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,  
Did knit the most removed futurity.  
Then said I also to myself, " So many  
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,  
And as on some great number set their All  
Upon thy single head, and only man  
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day  
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter  
All these in many a several direction :  
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."  
I yearn'd to know which one was faithfullest  
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,  
Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,  
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first  
To meet me with a token of his love :  
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.  
Then midmost in the battle was I led  
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !

Then was my horse killed under me : I sank ;  
 And over me away, all unconcernedly,  
 Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces  
 I lay, and panted like a dying man.  
 Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm.  
 It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.  
 'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.  
 " My brother," said he, " do not ride to-day  
 " The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse  
 " Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !  
 " In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."  
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me  
 From the hot pursuit of *Bannier's* dragoons.  
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,  
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN. (*significantly.*)

There's no such thing as chance.

In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio  
 Is my good angel—and now no word more.

(*He is retiring.*)

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stops and turns himself round.*)  
 Are ye not like the women, who for ever  
 Only recur to their first word, although  
 One had been talking reason by the hour?  
 Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds  
 Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.  
 The inner world, his microcosmus, is  
 The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.  
 They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—  
 No juggling chance can metamorphose them.  
 Have I the human *kernel* first examined?  
 Then I know, too, the future will and action.

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SCENE IV.

SCENE—*A Chamber in Piccolomini's Dwelling-House.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, *entering.*

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO. (*with an air of mystery.*)

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI. (*assuming the same air of mystery.*)

Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about

To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place  
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am

Not one of those men who in words are valiant,  
And when it comes to action skulk away.  
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.  
God knows it is so; and I owe him all—  
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard.

All think not as I think; and there are many  
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say  
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice!

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants.  
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.  
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid  
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest  
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause  
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil!—what!—why, what means this?  
Are you not, then—For what, then, am I here?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether  
You will be called the friend or enemy  
Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI. (*with an air of defiance.*)

That declaration, friend,  
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed  
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether Count,  
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI. (*stammering.*)

Why—why—what! this is the Emperor's hand and  
seal!

[*Reac*

“ Whereas the officers collectively

“ Throughout our army will obey the orders  
 “ Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini,  
 “ As from ourselves.”—— *Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes!  
 yes!—

I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit you to the order?

ISOLANI.

I——

But you have taken me so by surprize—  
 Time for reflection one *must* have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine  
 To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,  
 Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—  
 Means to lead over to the enemy  
 The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—



Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor  
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,  
To his Imperial Majesty?  
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant  
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

Aye! that delights me now, that you yourself  
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain.  
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.  
This night break off in the utmost secrecy  
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear

As came the order from the Duke himself.  
 At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous ;  
 \*There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me  
 With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[*Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.*]

What, Colonel Butler!—Shew him up.

ISOLANI. (*returning.*)

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father !  
 Lord God ! how should I know, then, what a great  
 Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses !

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time  
 A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court  
 Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

[*Exit.*]

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.  
 That has succeeded. Fortune favour us  
 With all the others only but as much !

## SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, Lieutenant General.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO. (*after both have seated themselves.*)

You have not

Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—

Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.

That wish proceeded from my heart—I was

In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time

In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.

I never charge a man but with those acts

To which his character deliberately

Impels him; for alas! the violence

Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts

The very best of us from the right track.

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You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas  
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on *me*.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely,  
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.  
I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare  
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,  
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.  
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein  
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—  
He has committed treason; but few hours  
Have past, since he a covenant concluded  
With the enemy. The messengers are now  
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.  
To-morrow he intends to lead us over  
To the enemy. But he deceives himself;  
For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still  
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand  
In closest union, mighty though unseen.  
This manifesto sentences the Duke—

Recals the obedience of the army from him,  
 And summons all the loyal, all the honest,  
 To join and recognize in me their leader.  
 Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?  
 Or with the evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER. (*rises.*)

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!  
 As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast  
 That rashly uttered word remains interred.  
 Recal it, Butler! chuse a better party:  
 You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER. (*going.*)

Any other

Commands for me, Lieutenant General?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs! Recal that word!

BUTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What would you draw this good and gallant sword.

**I**n such a cause? Into a curse would you  
**T**ransform the gratitude which you have earned  
**B**y forty years fidelity from Austria?

BUTLER. (*laughing with bitterness.*)

Gratitude from the house of Austria. [*he is going.*]

OCTAVIO. (*permits him to go as far as the door,  
 then calls after him.*)

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

The title that you wished I mean.

BUTLER. (*starts in sudden passion.*)

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled—Was it so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.

Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me  
 calmly,

How all that happened. I will not refuse you  
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness  
For which I never can forgive myself.  
Lieutenant General! Yes—I have ambition.  
Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.  
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title  
Should have more weight than merit has in the army.  
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,  
So in an evil hour I let myself  
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!  
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.  
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb  
And venom the refusal with contempt?  
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn  
The grey-haired man, the faithful Veteran?  
Why to the baseness of his parentage  
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only  
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?  
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm  
Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been calumniated. Guess you  
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,

Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,  
Some young squire of some ancient family,  
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,  
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impelled me to it, used his interest  
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? Are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

*[Butler is suddenly struck.]*

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—  
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

*[he gives him the letter.]*

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,  
An infamous game have they been playing with you.  
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?  
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt



Concerning you, counsels the Minister  
 To give sound chastisement to your conceit,  
 For so he calls it.

[*Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble  
 he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor ;  
 There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe  
 The insult you received to the Duke only.  
 His aim is clear and palpable. He wished  
 To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped  
 To gain from your revenge what he well knew  
 (What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)  
 He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.  
 A blind tool would he make you, in contempt  
 Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.  
 He has gained his point. Too well has he succeed  
 In luring you away from that good path  
 On which you had been journeying forty years !

BUTLER. (*his voice trembling.*)

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me ?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate  
 For that affront, and most unmerited grievance  
 Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.  
 From his free impulse he confirms the present,

Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.  
The regiment, which you now command, is your's.

*[Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.]*

OCTAVIO.

What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and  
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

—Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the  
Duke!

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER. (*no longer governing his emotion.*)  
Only break off from him?—He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now  
All who are loyal, are assembling under  
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others  
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.  
This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER. (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolute countenance.*)

Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak  
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

OCTAVIO.

What's your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me  
What are you brooding?

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BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you.

Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God

Ye give him over, not to his good angel!

Farewell.

[*Exit Butler.*]

SERVANT. (*enters with a billet.*)

A stranger left it, and is gone.

The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below.

[*Exit Servant.*]

OCTAVIO. (*reads.*)

"Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."

—O that I had but left this town behind me.

To split upon a rock so near the haven!—

Away! This is no longer a safe place for me!

Where can my son be tarrying?

## SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

*(Max. enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.)*

OCTAVIO. *(advances to him.)*

I am going off, my son.

*[Receiving no answer he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

*(Octavio drops his hand, and starts back.)*

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,

Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.

He had not done that foul and horrible deed,  
 The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him :  
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.  
 Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice  
 Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey ?  
 O, unblest falsehood ! Mother of all evil !  
 Thou misery-making dæmon, it is thou  
 That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,  
 Sustainer of the world, had saved us all !  
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee !  
 Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully !  
 But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son !

My son, ah ! I forgive thy agony !

MAX. (*rises, and contemplates his father with looks  
of suspicion.*)

Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,  
 Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,  
 With cold premeditated purpose ? Thou—  
 Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,  
 Rather than saved ? Thou risest by his fall.  
 Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO:

God in Heaven !

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.  
 How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?  
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all  
 Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured.  
 No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,  
 And she is true, and open as the Heavens!  
 Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,  
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:  
 The single holy spot is our love,  
 The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,  
 The very last—no never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself

The pang of necessary separation.  
 Come with me! Come, my son!

*[Attempts to take him with h*

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO. *(more urgently.)*

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max ! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor hath power to prescribe  
Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me  
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,  
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed  
Be done with cruelty ? The unalterable  
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,  
With stealthy coward flight forsake her ? No !  
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,  
Hear the complaints of the parted soul,  
And weep tears o'er me. Oh ! the human race  
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.  
From the black deadly madness of despair  
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words  
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death !

OCTAVIO.

Thou will not tear thyself away, thou canst not,  
O, come, my son ! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain.  
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.



OCTAVIO. (*trembling, and losing all self-command.*)  
 Max! Max! if that most damned thing could be,  
 If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think it?*)  
 Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,  
 Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,  
 Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,  
 And in unnatural combat shall the steel  
 Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,  
 Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!  
 Unholy miserable doubt! To him  
 Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,  
 Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,  
 Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as little  
 Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers

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I leave thee here, the Lothrings too ; Toskana  
 And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.  
 They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,  
 And will far rather fall in gallant contest  
 Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life  
 In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son !

MAX.

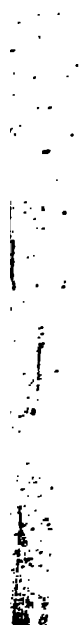
Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

How ? not one look  
 Of filial love ? No grasp of the hand at parting ?  
 It is a bloody war, to which we are going,  
 And the event uncertain and in darkness.  
 So used we not to part—it was not so !  
 Is it then true ? I have a son no longer ?

*(Max. falls into his arms, they hold each for a long  
 time in a speechless embrace, then go away at dif-  
 ferent sides.)*

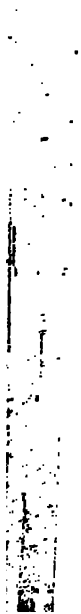
THE CURTAIN DROPS.



**THE**  
**DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.**

**A TRAGEDY.**

**IN FIVE ACTS.**



## PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

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THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine syllable verse, in the same *ilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of cu-

riosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages, whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Aströlogical Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A Translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the

feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *compensation*, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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**WALLENSTEIN**, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years' War.

**DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND**, Wife of Wallenstein.

**THEKLA**, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

**THE COUNTESS TERTSKY**, Sister of the Duchess.

**LADY NEUBRUNN**.

**OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI**, Lieutenant General.

**MAX. PICCOLOMINI**, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassie

**COUNT TERTSKY**, the Commander of several Regiments, a Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

**ILLO**, Field Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

**BUTLER**, an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoon

**GORDON**, Governor of Egra.

**MAJOR GERALDIN**.

**CAPTAIN DEVEREUX**.

—————**MACDONALD**.

**NEUMANN**, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.

**SWEDISH CAPTAIN**.

**SENI**.

**BURGOMASTER** of Egra.

**ANSPESADE** of the Cuirassiers.

**GROOM OF THE CHAMBER**, } Belonging to the Duke.

**A PAGE**,

**CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS**.

THE  
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the House of the Duchess  
of Friedland.*

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.  
*(the two latter sit at the same table at work.)*

COUNTESS. *(watching them from the opposite side.)*  
So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?  
I have been waiting for a word from you.  
And could you then endure in all this time  
Not once to speak his name?  
[*Thekla remaining silent, the Countess rises and  
advances to her.*

Why, how comes this?  
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,  
And other ways exist, besides through me?  
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[Exit Lady Neubrunn.]

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SCENE II.

*The* COUNTESS. THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess! that he holds  
Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at *this* time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all.

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.  
 Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart  
 Is now no more in nonage: for you love,  
 And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have proved.  
 Your nature moulds itself upon your father's  
 More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you  
 Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough? no further preface, I entreat you.  
 At once, out with it! Be it what it may,  
 It is not possible that it should torture me  
 More than this introduction. What have you  
 To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frightened—

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father  
 A weighty service—

THEKLA.

Lies within *my* power?

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him  
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I?

What need of me for that? And is he not  
Already linked to him?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore  
Should he not be so now—not be so always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the Emperor too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty  
And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.  
Duty and honour!  
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.  
You should interpret them for him: his love  
Should be the sole definer of his honour.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly  
In his retirement. From himself you heard,  
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;  
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity  
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,  
If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then!  
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,  
And is about to join the enemy  
With the whole soldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on  
The army after him. The Piccolomini  
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;  
They govern all opinions, and wherever  
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.

The son secures the father to our interests—  
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke  
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that  
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.  
The far-off future weighs upon her heart  
With torture of anxiety; but is it  
Unalterably, actually present,  
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my fore-boding bosom! Even now,  
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!  
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp.  
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,  
An heavy ominous presentiment .  
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering  
Over my happy fortune. But why think I  
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!  
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,  
And for yourself the lover, all will yet  
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good? What good?  
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He can not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend  
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,  
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—  
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!  
Does there remain one to be taken?

COUNTESS.

Hush!

Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.



## SCENE III.

*To them enter the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. (*to the Countess.*)

Who was here sister ? I heard some one talking,  
And passionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay ! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise  
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me  
The footstep of some messenger of evil.  
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is ?  
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,  
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal ?  
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg  
With a favourable answer ?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas ! then all is lost ! I see it coming,  
The worst that can come ! Yes, they will depose him ;  
The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet  
Will all be acted o'er again !

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

*[Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.]*

DUCHESS.

Yes my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother  
In the Empress. O that stern unbending man!  
In this unhappy marriage what have I  
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if  
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire  
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,  
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,  
And ever to the brink of some abyss  
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.  
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings  
Presignify unhappiness to thee,  
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.  
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child,  
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!  
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.  
Here every coming hour broods into life  
Some new affrightful monster.

## DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share  
 An easier, calmer lot, my child ! We too,  
 I and thy father, witnessed happy days.  
 Still think I with delight of those first years,  
 When he was making progress with glad effort,  
 When his ambition was a genial fire,  
 Not that consuming flame which now it is.  
 The Emperor loved him, trusted him : and all  
 He undertook could not but be successful.  
 But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,  
 Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,  
 A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,  
 Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.  
 His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer  
 Did he yield up himself in joy and faith  
 To his old luck, and individual power ;  
 But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections  
 All to those cloudy sciences, which never  
 Have yet made happy him who followed them.

## COUNTESS.

You see it, sister ! as your eyes permit you.  
 But surely this is not the conversation  
 To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.  
 You know he will be soon here. Would you have him  
 Find *her* in this condition ;

DUCHESS.

Come, my child !

Wipe away thy tears, and shew thy father  
 a good countenance. See, the tie-knot here  
 on his hair must not hang so dishevelled.  
 Bearest ! dry thy tears up. They deform  
 the eye—well now—what was I saying ?  
 A good truth, this Piccolomini  
 is a noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

Dear sister !

ANNA. *(to the Countess, with marks of great  
 oppression of spirits.)*

Aunt, you will excuse me ? *(is going.)*

COUNTESS.

Where ? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

Let me see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

But I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

Will you miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

How ? Why is she going ?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS. (*anxiously.*)

What ails then my beloved child?

*[both follow the Princess, and endeavour to detain her. During this Wallenstein appears, engaged in conversation with Illo.]*

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SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS,  
THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague  
With tidings, that this capital is ours.  
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops  
Assembled in this town make known the measure  
And its result together. In such cases  
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost  
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature  
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,

Than that the Pilsen army has gone through  
 The forms of homage to us ; and in Pilsen  
 They shall swear fealty to us, because  
 The example has been given them by Prague.  
 Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,  
 He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence  
 To every warning voice that makes itself  
 Be listened to in the heart. To hold us back,  
 Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit  
 The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,  
 Scattering false oracles. And thus have I  
 To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly  
 I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,  
 This Butler : for a feeling, of the which  
 I am not master, (*fear* I would not call it)  
 Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,  
 At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.  
 And this same man, against whom I am warned,  
 This honest man is he, who reaches to me  
 The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And donbt not

That his example will win over to you  
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send

Isolani hither. Send him immediately.  
He is under recent obligations to me.  
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[*Illo Exit.*]

WALLENSTEIN. (*turns himself round to the  
females.*)

Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter,  
For once we'll have an interval of rest—  
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour  
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Countess aside.*)

Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me.  
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.  
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:  
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,  
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice

Will drive away for me the evil dæmon  
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father  
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother!

I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer  
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA. (*to the Countess.*)

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety,  
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to *him*,  
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong  
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla? Humoursome?

What; shall thy father have expressed a wish  
In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.



THEKLA.

My God! how can I—

*(The orchestra plays. During the ritornello The expresses in her gestures and countenance struggle of her feelings: and at the moment she should begin to sing, contracts herself together as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.)*

DUCHESS.

My child! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since then herself

Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer

Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! What

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini.

Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart ?  
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child ! Thou needest  
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it  
To thine own self. Thou shouldest have chosen  
another  
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it ?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her !

Is the boy mad ?

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter !  
Ay ?—The thought pleases me.  
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favour you have shewn him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chuses finally to be my heir.

And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.  
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?  
Is it daughters only? Is it only children  
That we must shew our favour by?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law  
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,  
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,  
And jut out high above the common herd,  
Only to close the mighty part I play  
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?  
Have I for this—

*(stops suddenly, repressing himself.)*

She is the only thing  
 That will remain behind of me on earth ;  
 And I will see a crown around her head,  
 Or die in the attempt to place it there.  
 I hazard all—all ! and for this alone,  
 To lift her into greatness—  
 Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

*(he recollects himself.)*

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,  
 Couple together in good peasant fashion  
 The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—  
 And I must do it now, even now, when I  
 Am stretching out the wreath, that is to twine  
 My full accomplished work—no ! she is the jewel,  
 Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,  
 And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me  
 For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband !  
 You're ever building, building to the clouds,  
 Still building higher, and still higher building,  
 And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis  
 Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN. *(to the Countess.)*

Have you announced the place of residence  
 Which I have destined for her ?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet.

'Twere better, you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Kärn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure

In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's  
Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted

No longer to hope *that*.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!

And have you brought it even to this?

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country?

What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenberg ?

The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS. (*casting a look of terror on the Duke  
and the Countess.*)

Is it then true ? It is. You are degraded ?

Deposed from the command ? O God in heaven !

COUNTESS. (*aside to the Duke.*)

Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot  
Support the real truth.

---

SCENE V.

*To them enter* COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—Tertsky !

What ails him ? What an image of affright !

He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY. (*leading Wallenstein aside.*)

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERTSKY.

We are betrayed.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERTSKY.

They are off! This night

The Jägers likewise—all the villages

In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani?

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

TERTSKY.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?

They are vanished both of them.

## SCENE VI.

*To them enter ILLO.*

ILLO.

Has Tertsy told thee?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise.

That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,  
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation !

WALLENSTEIN. (*winks at them.*)

Hush !

COUNTESS.

(*who has been watching them anxiously from the  
distance, and now advances to them.*)

Tertsky ! Heaven ! What is it ? What has happened ?

WALLENSTEIN. (*scarcely suppressing his emotions.*)

Nothing ! Let us be gone !

TERTSKY. (*following him.*)

Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS. (*holding him back.*)

Nothing ? Do I not see, that all the life blood  
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost ?  
That even my brother but affects a calmness ?

PAGE. (*enters.*)

An Aid-de-Camp enquires for the Count Tertsky.

[*Tertsky follows the Page.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.



(to Illo.)

This could not have happened

So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,

And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

(Illo is going.)

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met.

He will be here himself immediately.

Butler remains unshaken.

[*Illo exit. Wallenstein is following him.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!

There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS. (*clinging to him.*)

Gracious heaven! What is it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!

We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;

Here storm and sunshine follow one another

With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits

stamp the curb angrily, and never yet  
 and quiet bless the temples of the leader.  
 I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women  
 suit the scene where men must act.

*(He is going : Tertsy returns.)*

TERTSKY.

remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN. *(to the Countess.)*

Sister retire !

COUNTESS.

No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERTSKY. *(leads the Countess aside, and drawing her  
 attention to the Duchess.)*

Veresina !

DUCHESS.

Sister, come ! since he commands it.

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. *(stepping to the window.)*  
 What now, then ?

TERTSKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops,  
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,  
With gloomy silentness, the several corps  
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.  
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements;  
only

The Pappenheimers still remain aloof  
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERTSKY.

We are seeking him : he is no where to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you ?

TERTSKY.

My regiments had dispatched him ; yet once more  
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait  
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp ?  
It should have been kept secret from the army,  
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.

O that thou hadst believed me ! Yester evening  
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,

That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.  
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more  
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.

Thou did'st confide in Isolani too;  
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him  
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.  
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.  
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?  
He follows still the god whom all his life  
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With  
My FORTUNE, and my seeming destiny,  
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.  
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,  
And with the which well-pleased and confident  
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it  
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,  
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light  
As the free bird from the hospitable twig  
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:  
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.  
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,

Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,  
 Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :  
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
 Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul  
 Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.

Yet, would I rather  
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY. ILLO.

ILLO. (*who enters agitated with rage.*)  
 Treason and mutiny !

TERTSKY.

And what further now ?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders  
 To go off guard—Mutinous villains !

TERTSKY.

Well ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.

Go on them instantly! Give out the order,

WALLENSTEIN.

Instantly! what cause did they assign?

ILLO.

No other,

they said, had right to issue orders but  
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in a convulsion of agony.*)

What? How is that?

ILLO.

He takes that office on him by commission,  
under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement

the Generals made that stealthy flight—

TERTSKY.

Duke! hearest thou?

ILLO.

Maraffa too, and Montecuculi,

Are missing, with six other Generals,  
 All whom he had induced to follow him.  
 This plot he has long had in writing by him  
 From the Emperor ; but 'twas finally concluded  
 With all the detail of the operation  
 Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.  
 [*Wallenstein sinks down into a chair and covers  
 his face.*]

TERTSKY.

O hadst thou but believed me !

---

SCENE IX.

*To them enter the COUNTESS.*

COUNTESS.

This suspense,  
 This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.  
 For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.

ILLO.

The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding ! (*rushes out of the room.*)

TERTSKY.

Hadst thou but believed me !  
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not ; but we have here a work  
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.  
The science is still honest : this false heart  
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.  
On a divine law divination rests ;  
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles  
Out of her limits, there all science errs.  
True, I did not suspect ! Were it superstition  
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted  
The human form, O may that time ne'er come  
In which I shame me of the infirmity.  
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,  
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.  
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed :  
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine ;  
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.  
No shield received the assassin stroke ; thou plungest  
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—  
Against such weapons I am but a child.



## SCENE X.

*To these enter BUTLER.*

TERTSKY. (*meeting him.*)

O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN.

(*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him  
with warmth.*)

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun  
Looks out upon us more revivingly  
In the earliest month of spring,  
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My General: I come—

WALLENSTEIN.

(*leaning on Butler's shoulders.*)

Know'st thou already?

That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.  
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together  
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.  
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one  
glass,

One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,  
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.  
And now in the very moment, when, all love,  
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,

He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife  
Slowly into my heart.

*(he hides his face on Butler's breast.)*

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remembered !

Courage my soul ! I am still rich in friends,  
Still loved by Destiny ; for in the moment,  
That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,  
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.  
Of the hypocrite no more ! Think not, his loss  
Was that which struck the pang : O no ! his treason  
Is that which strikes this pang ! No more of him !  
Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both,  
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,  
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,  
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.  
The Courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague  
I expect him every moment : and whatever  
He may bring with him, we must take good care  
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then !  
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on  
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

*(Illo is going.)*

BUTLER. (*detaining him.*)

My General, whom expect you then ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The Courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER. (*hesitating.*)

Hem !

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now ?

BUTLER.

You do not know it ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well ?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose ?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what ?

BUTLER.

That Courier

WALLENSTEIN. (*with eager expectation.*)

Well ?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERTSKY and ILLO. (*at the same time.*)

Already here ?

WALLENSTEIN.

My Courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

~~And I~~ not know it?

BUTLER.

The centinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO. (*stamping with his foot.*)

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated

Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Question me not!

TERTSKY.

Illo! alas for us!

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.

Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

~~Yes!~~ Prague is lost. And all the several regiments

At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,

At Bruf., and Znaym, have forsaken you,

And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew  
 To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,  
 And Illo have been sentenced.

*(Tertsky and Illo express alarm and fury. Wallenstein remains firm and collected.)*

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis decided!

'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure  
 From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream  
 Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!  
 In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.  
 Lingered, irresolute, with fitful fears  
 I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,  
 While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife  
 Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!  
 I fight now for my head and for my life.

*[Exit Wallenstein; the others follow him.]*

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, *(enters from a side-room.)*  
 I can endure no longer. No!

*(looks around her.)*

Where are they!

No one is here. They leave me all alone,  
 Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.  
 And I must wear the outward shew of calmness

Before my sister, and shut in within me  
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.  
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;  
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,  
An empty-handed fugitive, and not  
As an ally, a covenanted equal,  
A proud commander with his army following;  
If we must wander on from land to land,  
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness  
An ignominious monument—But no!  
That day I will not see! And could himself  
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear  
To see him so low sunken.

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SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA. (*endeavouring to hold back the Duchess.*)  
Dear mother, do stay here!

DUCHESS.

No! Here is yet  
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.  
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her  
Full of suspense and anguish roam about  
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?  
And what import these silent nods and gestures  
Which stealthwise thou exchange with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing ;

Nothing, dear mother !

DUCHESS. (*to the Countess.*)

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner  
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.  
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,  
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,  
And exercise and previous discipline  
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!  
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,  
The Duke has been deposed --The Duke is not  
Deposed—he is——

THEKLA. (*going to the Countess.*)

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is ——

THEKLA. (*Throwing her arms round her mother.*)

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing  
To join the enemy, the army leave him,  
And all has failed.

ACT II.—SCENE I.  

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SCENE—*A spacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.*

WALLENSTEIN. (*in armour.*)

Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more  
am I

Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg.  
There I had nothing left me, but myself—  
But what one man can do, you have now experience.  
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand  
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within  
Lives the creating power, and a new world  
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I  
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!  
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;  
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;  
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,  
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna  
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.



Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude  
 Follow the luck : all eyes were turned on me,  
 Their helper in distress : the Emperor's pride  
 Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.  
 'Twas I must rise, and with creative word  
 Assemble forces in the desolate camps.  
 I did it. Like a god of war, my name  
 Went through the world. The drum was beat—  
                   and, lo !

The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all  
 Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners ;  
 And as the wood-choir rich in melody  
 Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,  
 When first his throat swells with his magic song,  
 So did the warlike youth of Germany  
 Crowd in around the image of my eagle.  
 I feel myself the being that I was.  
 It is the soul that builds itself a body,  
 And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.  
 Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!  
 They are accustomed under me to conquer,  
 But not against me. If the head and limbs  
 Separate from each other, 'twill be soon  
 Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

*(Illo and Tertsy enter.)*

Courage, friends ! Courage ! We are still unvan-  
                   quished ;

I feel my footing firm ; five regiments, Tertsky,  
 Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops ;  
 And an host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.  
 I was not stronger, when nine years ago  
 I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,  
 To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

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SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter  
 NEUMANN, who leads Tertsky aside, and talks  
 with him.*)

TERTSKY.

What do they want ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you  
 In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN. (*Hastily to Neumann.*)

Let them enter.

[*Exit Neumann.*]

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still  
 Doubtful, and may be won.

## SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, TEN CUIRASSIERS. (*led by an Anspessade\*, march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance, He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.*)

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade.*)

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:

Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

\* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a second.*)

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*a pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE. (*giving the word of command.*)  
Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a third.*)

Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremburg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Anspessade.*)

Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor  
Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN. (*interrupting him.*)

Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor  
Commanding us collectively, from thee  
All duties of obedience to withdraw,  
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine ?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades  
At Bruannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have  
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,  
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly  
Did follow their example. But—but we  
Do not believe that thou art an enemy  
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely  
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story !

*(with warmth.)*

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,  
For we have found thee still sincere and true :  
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt  
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee :  
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve

In thy own hands this military sceptre,  
 Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor  
 Made over to thee by a covenant;  
 Is it thy purpose merely to remain  
 Supreme commander of the Austrian armies;  
 We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee  
 Thy honest rights against all opposition.  
 And should it chance, that all the other regiments  
 Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth  
 Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,  
 Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,  
 Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be  
 As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,  
 That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over  
 To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!  
 Then we too will forsake thee, and obey  
 That letter —

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;  
 Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:

And therefore have I always shewn you honour  
 Above all others, suffered you to reason;  
 Have treated you as free men, and my orders  
 Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

## ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been  
 To us, my General! With thy confidence  
 Thou hast honoured us, and shewn us grace and  
 favour

Beyond all other regiments; and thou see'st  
 We follow not the common herd. We will  
 Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—  
 Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not  
 A treason which thou meditatest—that  
 Thou meanest not to lead the army over  
 To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Me me, are they betraying. The Emperor  
 Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,  
 And I must fall, unless my gallant troops  
 Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.  
 And be your hearts my strong hold! At this breast  
 The aim is taken, at this hoary head.  
 This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our  
 Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!  
 For this we threw the naked breast against



The halbert, made for this the frozen earth  
 Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream  
 Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;  
 With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield  
 Through all the turns and windings of his flight;  
 Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;  
 And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled  
 O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,  
 That we have well nigh finished the hard toil,  
 The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,  
 With faithful indefatigable arm  
 Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,  
 Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away  
 The honours of the peace, an easy prize!  
 He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks  
 The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament  
 Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

## ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!  
 No one, but thou, who hast conducted it  
 With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war  
 Thou led'st us out into the bloody field  
 Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,  
 Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—  
 Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

## WALLENSTEIN.

What? Think you then at length in late old age  
 To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.  
 Never, no never, will you see the end  
 Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,  
 This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,  
 Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I  
 Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.  
 For what cares Austria, how long the war  
 Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?  
 She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,  
 And still win new domains.

*[the Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!  
 Oh that my spirit might possess you now  
 Daring as once it led you to the battle!  
 Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,  
 Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!  
 But think not that *you* can accomplish it,  
 Your scanty number! to no purpose will you  
 Have sacrificed you for your General.

*(confidentially.)*

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;  
 The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us  
 Wear for a while the appearance of good will,

And use them for your profit, till we both  
 Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,  
 And from our camp to the glad jubilant world  
 Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou  
 Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray  
 The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?  
 This is the only thing which we desire  
 To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?

I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,  
 And under Providence I trust right soon  
 To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.  
 My cares are only for the whole: I have  
 A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries  
 And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.  
 Ye are but common men, but yet ye think  
 With minds not common; ye appear to me  
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye  
 A little word or two in confidence!  
 See now! already for full fifteen years  
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet  
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German  
 Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way

To the other, every hand's against the other.  
Each one is party and no one a judge.  
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel  
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.  
It must be cut asunder.  
I feel that I am the man of destiny,  
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

---

## SCENE IV.

*To these enter BUTLER.*

BUTLER. (*passionately.*)

General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right?

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation  
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER.

Count Tertsy's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle  
From off the banners, and instead of it,  
Have reared aloft thy arms.

ANSPESSADE. (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers.*)

Right about ! March !

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it !

[*to the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*]

Halt, children, halt ! There's some mistake in this ;  
Hark !—I will punish it severely. Stop !

They do not hear. (*to Illo.*) Go after them, assure  
them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

(*Illo hurries out.*)

This hurls us headlong. Butler ! Butler !

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you

Announce it in their presence ? It was all

In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness—

A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me,

And not the hate of enemies.

## SCENE V.

*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber. THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.*

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.  
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS. (*to Tertsky.*)

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,  
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!  
Count Max. is off too?

TERTSKY.

Where can he be? He's

Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

*(Thekla rushes out into the arms of her mother,  
hiding her face in her bosom.)*

DUCHESS. *(enfolding her in her arms.)*

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN. *(aside to Tertsky.)*

Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness  
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg  
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;  
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

*(to Illo who returns.)*

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is  
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,  
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,  
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;  
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,  
They will find means to free him with the sword.

*(all stand amazed.)*

TERTSKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.

He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.  
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be  
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what  
(*embracing Thekla.*)  
Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.  
His father has betrayed us, is gone over  
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured  
To stay behind.

THEKLA. (*her eye fixed on the door.*)  
There he is!

---

SCENE VI.

*To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.*

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer  
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk  
In ambush for a favourable moment.  
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.  
(*advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself into  
her mother's arms.*)



Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!  
 Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.  
 Let who will hear that we both love each other.  
 Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy  
 Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,  
 Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns  
 It dares act openly.

*(he observes the Countess looking on Thekla with  
 expressions of triumph.)*

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come  
 To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever.  
 For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!  
 Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred  
 Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me  
 One look of sympathy, only one look.  
 Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me,  
 Thekla!

*(grasps her hand.)*

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!  
 Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!  
 That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced  
 That I can not act otherwise.

*(Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand to  
 her father. Max. turns round to the Duke,  
 whom he had not till then perceived.)*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.  
 I trusted never more to have beheld thee.  
 My business is with her alone. Here will I  
 Receive a full acquittal from this heart—  
 For any other I am no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,  
 And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?  
 Thy father is become a villain to me;  
 I hold thee for his son, and nothing more;  
 Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given  
 Into my power. Think not, that I will honour  
 That ancient love, which so remorselessly  
 He mangled. They are now past by, those hours  
 Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance  
 Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw  
 All feelings of the man aside—can prove  
 Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (*calmly.*)

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.  
 Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.  
 What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.

[*taking Thekla by the hand.*]

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,  
 Would have received from thy paternal hand  
 The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou

Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee:  
 Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust  
 Their happiness, who most are thine. The god  
 Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.  
 Like as the blind irreconcilable  
 Fierce element, incapable of compact,  
 Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow\*.

\* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation.

Weh denen die auf dich vertraan, an Dich  
 Die sichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,  
 Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt.  
 Schnell unver hofft, by nächtlich stiller Weile  
 Gährts in dem tückischen Feuerschlunde, ladet  
 Sich aus mit tobender Gervalt, und weg  
 Treibt über alle Pflanzung der Menschen  
 Der wilde Strom in grausender zerstöhrung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's  
 Beschreibst, so ists in seinem Eingeweide,  
 In dieser schwarzen Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.  
 O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte.  
 Der Abgrund den verfecktesten der Geister,  
 Den Lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn.  
 Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag  
 Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn ! Ich zog  
 Den Basiliken auf an meinem Busen,

## WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.  
 The adder ! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.  
 He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul

Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog  
 Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,  
 Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,  
 Weit offen liefs ich des Oedankeus Thore,  
 Und warft die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,  
 Am Stegnehimmel, &c.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas ! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire ; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart, as thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me ? The Abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend at my side. Who may withstand the power of hell ? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him ; he sucked himself glut-full at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him ; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts ; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c. — We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.

Still to and fro he passed, suspected never !  
 On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven  
 Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I  
 In my heart's heart had folded ! Had I been  
 To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,  
 War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,  
 I never could have done it. The Emperor was  
 My austere master only, not my friend.  
 There was already war 'twixt him and me  
 When he delivered the Commander's Staff  
 Into my hands ; for there's a natural  
 Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion ;  
 Peace exists only betwixt confidence  
 And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders  
 The future generations.

MAX.

I will not

Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot !  
 Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime  
 Drags after it the other in close link.  
 But we are innocent: how have we fallen  
 Into this circle of mishap and guilt ?  
 To whom have we been faithless ? Wherefore must  
 The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal  
 Of our two fathers twine like serpents rounds us ?  
 Why must our fathers'

Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,  
Who love each other ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. remain with me.

Go you not from me, Max ! Hark ! I will tell thee—  
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou  
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,  
Not yet accustomed to the German winters ;  
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours ;  
Thou would'st not let them go—  
At that time did I take thee in my arms,  
And with my mantle did I cover thee ;  
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been  
A kinder to thee ; I was not ashamed  
To do for thee all little offices,  
However strange to me ; I tended thee  
Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened,  
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I  
Altered my feelings towards thee ? Many thousands  
Have I made rich, presented them with lands ;  
Rewarded them with dignities and honours ;  
Thee have I *loved* : my heart, my self, I gave  
To thee ! They all were aliens : THOU wert  
Our child and inmate.\* Max ! Thou canst not leave me ;

\* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

It cannot be ; I may not, will not think  
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

O my God !

WALLENSTEIN.

I have  
Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood  
What holy bond is there of natural love ?  
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me ?  
I love thee, Max ! What did thy father for thee,  
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty ?  
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor ;  
He will reward thee with a pretty chain  
Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;  
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,  
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,  
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God ! How can I  
Do otherwise ? Am I not forced to do it ?  
My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLENSTEIN.

How ? Thy duty ?

*Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst  
Das kind des Hauses.*

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger.  
O si sic omnia !

Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee  
 What duties may'st *thou* have? If I am acting  
 A criminal part toward the Emperor,  
 It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong  
 To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?  
 Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,  
 That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?  
 On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;  
 To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is  
 Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!  
 And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st  
 And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,  
 It is not in thy choice, whether or no  
 Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward  
 Together with his ring and all his moons.  
 With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,  
 Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,  
 For that thou heldst thy friend more worth to thee  
 Than names and influences more removed.  
 For justice is the virtue of the ruler,  
 Affection and fidelity the subject's.  
 Not every one doth it beseem to question  
 The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely  
 Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let  
 The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.



## SCENE VII.

*To these enter NEUMANN.*

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,  
And are advancing now on foot, determined  
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free  
The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to Tertsky.*)

Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot.

[*Exit Tertsky.*]

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!  
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,  
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*Neumann exit. Illo steps to the window.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO. (*at the window.*)

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.  
They level at this house the cannon——

MAX.

Madmen!

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess.*)

But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsy?

---

SCENE VIII.

*To these TERTSKY. (returning.)*

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.  
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.  
They intreat permission to commence the attack,  
And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,  
They could now charge the enemy in rear,  
Into the city wedge them, and with ease  
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery  
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;  
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,  
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,  
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,  
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?  
Shall the decision be delivered over  
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?  
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.  
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,  
So let it burst then!

*(turns to Mar.)*

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!  
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,  
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;  
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat  
under me,  
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,  
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity  
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,  
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin, Cousin!  
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care  
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen  
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I  
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty  
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,  
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,  
Thy head is holy to me still.

*(Two reports of cannon. Illo and Tertsy hurry to  
the window.)*

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who!

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN. (*starting up.*)

Ha ! Death and hell ! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy ?

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

No !

For God's sake, No !

ILLO.

Not yet, my General !

COUNTESS.

O, hold him ! hold him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me——

MAX.

Do it not ;

Not yet ! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them  
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away ! too long already have I loitered.

They are emboldened to these outrages,

Beholding not my face. They shall behold

My countenance, shall hear my voice——

Are they not *my* troops ? Am I not their General,

And their long-feared commander! Let me see,  
 Whether indeed they do no longer know  
 That countenance, which was their sun in battle!  
 From the balcony, (mark!) I shew myself  
 To these rebellious forces, and at once  
 Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current  
 Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit Wallenstein; Illo, Tertsky, and Butler follow.*]

---

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.

COUNTESS. (*to the Duchess.*)

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing  
 at a distance in a visible struggle of feelings, ad-  
 vances.*)

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither,  
 My purposed action seemed unblameable  
 To my own conscience—and I must stand here  
 Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;

Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!  
 Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,  
 Whom I with one word can make happy—O!  
 My heart revolts within me, and two voices  
 Make themselves audible within my bosom.  
 My soul's benighted; I no longer can  
 Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly  
 Didst thou say, father, I relied too much  
 On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—  
 I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?  
 Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I  
 Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,  
 A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted  
 Against our General's life, has plunged us all  
 In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis your's  
 To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity  
*Outweigh* the father's treason, that the name  
 Of Piccolomini be not a proverb  
 Of infamy, a common form of cursing  
 To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?  
 It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all  
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate

O that an angel would descend from Heaven,  
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,  
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

*(His eyes glance on Thekla.)*

What other angel seek I? To this heart,  
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,  
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless  
The happy man alone, averted ever  
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou  
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,  
And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.

Think, niece—

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!

Speak what thou *feelest*.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.  
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god  
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?  
Not whether diadem of royalty  
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou *think* on.  
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;  
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,



Who will all follow me ; shall I forswear  
 My oath and duty to the Emperor ?  
 Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp  
 The parricidal ball ? For when the ball  
 Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,  
 It is no longer a dead instrument !  
 It lives, a spirit passes into it,  
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,  
 And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

O ! Max.——

MAX. (*interrupting her.*)

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart  
 The hardest duty might appear the highest.  
 The human, not the great part, would I act.  
 Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,  
 Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved  
 me,  
 And think too, how my father has repaid him.  
 O likewise the free lovely impulses  
 Of hospitality, the pious friend's  
 Faithful attachment, these too are a holy  
 Religion to the heart ; and heavily  
 The shudderings of nature do avenge

Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.  
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,  
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

O, thy own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
Thy heart's first feeling——

COUNTESS.

Oh ! ill-fated woman !

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,  
The which thy tender heart did not at first  
Detect and seize with instant impulse ? Go,  
Fulfil thy duty ! I should ever love thee.  
What e'er thou hadst chosen, thou would'st still have  
acted

Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance  
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I

Must leave thee, must part from thee !

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me ;  
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.  
A bloody hatred will divide for ever

The houses Piccolomini and Friedland ;  
 But we belong not to our houses—Go !  
 Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause  
 From our unholy and unblessed one !  
 The curse of heaven lies upon our head :  
 'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me  
 My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.  
 Mourn not for me :  
 My destiny will quickly be decided.

*(Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion.  
 There is heard from behind the Scene a loud,  
 wild, long continued cry, VIVAT FERDINAN-  
 DUS, accompanied by warlike Instruments. Max.  
 and Thekla remain without motion in each  
 others embraces.)*

---

SCENE X.

*To these enter TERTSKY.*

COUNTESS. *(meeting him.)*

What meant that cry? What was it?

TERTSKY.

All is lost !

COUNTESS.

What ! they regarded not his countenance ?

TERTSKY.

as all in vain.

DUCHESS.

y shouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

COUNTESS.

traitors!

TERTSKY.

Nay! he was not once permitted  
n to address them. Soon as he began,  
h deafening noise of warlike instruments  
y drown'd his words. But here he comes.

---

SCENE XI.

*these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO  
and BUTLER.*

WALLENSTEIN. (*as he enters.*)

Tertsky!

TERTSKY.

General?

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves  
readiness to march; for we shall leave  
en ere evening. [*Exit Tertsky.*]

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor at Egra is your friend  
And countryman. Write to him instantly  
By a Post Courier. He must be advised,  
That we are with him early on the morrow.  
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN. (*steps between Max. and Thekla,  
who have remained during this time in each other's  
arms.*)

Part!

MAX.

O God!

(*Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in  
the back-ground. At the same time there are  
heard from below some spirited passages out of the  
Pappenheim March, which seem to address Max.*)

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Cuirassiers.*)

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him  
No longer.

(*He turns away, and stands so that Max. cannot pass  
by him nor approach the Princess.*)

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live

Without thee! I go forth into a desert,  
 Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn  
 Thine eyes away from me! O once more shew me  
 Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

*(Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled ;  
 he turns to the Countess.)*

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

*(The Countess turns away from him ; he turns to  
 the Duchess.)*

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply  
 The time may come, when you may prove to us  
 A true friend, a good angel at the throne  
 Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not  
 Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!  
 Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to heaven  
 That offers me a means of ending it.

*(The military music begins again. The stage fills  
 more and more with armed men. Max. sees  
 Butler, and addresses him.)*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you  
 Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful  
 To your new lord, than you have proved yourself

To the Emperor: Come, Butler! promise me,  
 Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be  
 The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.  
 He is attainted, and his princely head  
 Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.  
 Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,  
 And those whom here I see—

[*casting suspicious looks on Illo and Butler.*

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors  
 In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here  
 Is only one. Away! away! and free us  
 From his detested sight! Away!

(*Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenstein prevents him. Max. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.*)

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish Trumpets,  
 And all the naked swords, which I see here,  
 Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?  
 You come to tear me from this place! Beware,  
 Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!  
 Ye may repent it!

[*the stage is entirely filled with armed men.*

Yet more ! weight upon weight to drag me down !  
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done  
To choose a man despairing for your leader ;  
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,  
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark !  
For your own ruin you have chosen me :  
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

*(He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers ; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. Wallenstein remains immovable. Thekla sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.)*



## ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*

BUTLER. (*just arrived.*)

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.  
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia  
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,  
And here upon the borders of Bohemia  
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,  
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.  
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,  
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens  
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—  
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—  
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

---

SCENE II.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?  
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!  
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

have received the letter which I sent you  
by post-courier,

GORDON.

Yes! and in obedience to it  
I held the strong hold to him without scruple.  
When an imperial letter orders me  
to follow your commands implicitly,  
yet forgive me; when even now I saw  
the Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.  
I was truly, not like an attained man,  
when this town did Friedland make his entrance;  
I would not majesty beamed from his brow,  
so calm, as in the days when all was right,  
when he received from me the accounts of office;  
I said, that fallen pride learns condescension:  
I spared and with dignity the Duke  
I weighed every syllable of approbation,  
I would not masters praise a servant who has done  
his duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely  
as related in my letter. Friedland  
sold the army to the enemy,  
he pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.  
On his report the regiments all forsook him,

The five excepted that belong to Tertsy,  
 And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.  
 The sentence of attainder is passed on him,  
 And every loyal subject is required  
 To give him in to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble !  
 Of such high talents ! What is human greatness !  
 I often said, this can't end happily.  
 His might, his greatness, and this obscure power  
 Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being  
 May not be trusted to self-government.  
 The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks  
 Of ancient custom, are all necessary  
 To keep him in the road of faith and duty.  
 The authority entrusted to this man  
 Was unexampled and unnatural,  
 It placed him on a level with his Emperor,  
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Wo is me ;  
 I mourn for him ! for where he fell, I deem  
 Might none stand firm. Alas ! dear General,  
 We in our lucky mediocrity  
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,  
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed  
 In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments

Till he need sympathy; for at this present  
He is still mighty, and still formidable.  
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,  
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.  
This must not be! The Duke must never leave  
This strong hold on free footing; for I have  
Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,  
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day!  
From his hand I received this dignity,  
He did himself entrust this strong hold to me,  
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.  
We subalterns have no will of our own:  
The free, the mighty man alone may listen  
To the fair impulse of his human nature.  
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,  
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

BUTLER.

Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power  
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!  
The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all then have deserted him, you say?  
He has built up the luck of many thousands.  
For kingly was his spirit: his full hand

Was ever open ! Many a one from dust  
*(with a side glance on Butler.)*  
 Hath he selected, from the very dust  
 Hath raised him into dignity and honour.  
 And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,  
 Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoyed from him  
 No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,  
 If ever in his greatness he once thought on  
 An old friend of his youth. For still my office  
 Kept me at distance from him ; and when first  
 He to this citadel appointed me,  
 He was sincere and serious in his duty.  
 I do not then abuse his confidence,  
 If I preserve my fealty in that  
 Which to my fealty was first delivered.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him ?

GORDON. *(pauses reflecting—then as in deep de-  
 jection.)*

If it be so—if all be as you say—  
 If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,  
 Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver

The strong holds of the country to the enemy—  
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!—  
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine  
To be the instrument of his perdition ;  
For we were pages at the court of Bergau  
At the same period ; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then.

A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year  
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :  
Yet even then he had a daring soul :  
His frame of mind was serious and severe  
Beyond his years : his dreams were of great objects.  
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,  
Communing with himself : yet I have known him  
Transported on a sudden into utterance  
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour  
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so  
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,  
Not knowing whether it were craziness,  
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high  
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep ;  
And rose up free from injury ? From this day

(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks  
Of a distempered fancy.

GORDON.

He became

Doubtless more self-enwrap and melancholy ;  
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously  
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.  
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted  
And privileged being, and, as if he were  
Incapable of dizziness or fall,  
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.  
But now our destinies drove us asunder :  
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,  
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.  
And now is all, all this too little for him ;  
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,  
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

*To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the  
BURGOMASTER of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see,  
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.  
Why the *half* eagle only ?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,  
 But for these last two hundred years has Egra  
 Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,  
 Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half  
 Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,  
 If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.  
 Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears  
 To no designing whispering court-minions.  
 What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that  
 We totter under them. The garrison  
 Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,  
 There are some Protestants among you still ?

*(The Burgomaster hesitates.)*

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie concealed  
 Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—  
*(Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed.)*

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.  
 Could my will have determined it, they had  
 Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—  
 Mass-book or bible—'tis all one to me.



Of that the world has had sufficient proof.  
 I built a church for the reformed in Glogan  
 At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster!  
 What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhälbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark'e!——

But let it go no further, what I now  
 Disclose to you in confidence.

*(Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder  
 with a certain solemnity.)*

The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!  
 The high will fall, the low will be exalted.  
 Hark'e! But keep it to yourself! The end  
 Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—  
 A new arrangement is at hand. You saw  
 The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two

Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,  
 And only one, the middle moon, remained  
 Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires  
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,  
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

*(observing Gordon and Butler.)*

I'faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard  
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;  
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.

It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.  
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred  
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim.

GORDON.

Two hundred Arquebussiers have I sent thither  
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too  
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries  
I caused to be run up. They were needless.  
The Rhine-Grave presses hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.  
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

(*to Butler.*)

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim  
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

(*to Gordon.*)

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave  
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I  
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival  
Of letters, to take leave of you, together  
With all the regiments.

---

SCENE IV.

*To these enter* COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be ?

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement  
At Neustadt ; the Swedes gained the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence ?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.  
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin !  
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau  
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp ;  
The cannonade continued full two hours ;  
There were left dead upon the field a thousand  
Imperialists together, with their Colonel ;  
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came

Imperial troops at Neustadt ? Altringer  
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.  
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,  
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,  
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward ?  
It cannot be.

TERTSKY.

We shall soon know the whole,  
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

## SCENE V.

*To these enter* ILLO.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY. (*eagerly.*)

Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN. (*at the same time.*)

What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhine-grave.

And what he brings I can announce to you  
Before hand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;  
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini  
Throw himself on them with the cavalry;  
A murderous fight took place! o'erpower'd by numbers  
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,  
(*Wallenstein shudders and turns pale.*)

Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pause, in a low voice.*)

Where is the messenger? Conduct me to him.

[*Wallenstein is going, when Lady Neubrunn rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*]

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO *and* TERTSKY. (*at the same time.*)

What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY.

Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN. (*at the same time with them.*)

She is dying! [*hurries off the stage, when Wallenstein and Tertsky follow her.*]

---

SCENE VI.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she lov'd—  
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo  
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,  
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five  
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have  
Only my single regiment ; and the garrison  
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

"Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force  
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,  
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be feared.

BUTLER. (*after a pause.*)

Know, I am warranty for the event ;  
With my head have I pledged myself for his,  
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,  
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,  
Why—death makes all things certain !

GORDON.

Butler ! What ?

Do I understand you ? Gracious God ! *You* could—

BUTLER.

must not live.

GORDON.

And *you* can do the deed!

BUTLER.

Or you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

would assassinate him.

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

He leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

That is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.

General he *has been*.

GORDON.

That 'tis only

the "*has been*" washes out no villainy.

Without judgment passed?

BUTLER.

The execution

is here instead of judgment.



GORDON.

This were murder,  
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment  
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We should not  
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.  
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward  
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses  
His colour at a daring enterprize.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle  
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,

ght have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

GORDON.

herefore opened I the strong hold to him?

BUTLER.

destiny and not the place destroys him.

GORDON.

n these ramparts, as beseeemed a soldier,  
d fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

GORDON.

ng their duty—that adorns the man!  
murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER. (*brings out a paper.*)

e is the manifesto which commands us  
gain possession of his person. See—

addressed to you as well as me.

you content to take the consequences,  
rough our fault he escape to the enemy.

GORDON.

-Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.

ne of it what it may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

iod in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else  
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose ?  
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,  
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven ! what must be  
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart  
Within my bosom beats with other feelings !

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff ! Necessity  
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo  
And Tertsy likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts  
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.  
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions  
In his calm breast, and with officious villainy  
Watered and nursed the pois'nous plants. May they  
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite !

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his !  
We meant to have taken them alive this evening  
Amid the merry-making of a feast,  
And keep them prisoners in the citadels.  
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant  
To give the necessary orders.

## SCENE VII.

*To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.*

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come  
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!  
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily friend!  
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe  
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,  
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;  
One has already done his bitter penance,  
The Piccolomini, be his the fate  
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure  
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long  
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house  
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;  
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic  
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,  
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point  
That never pleased me in our General—

He ever gave the preference to the Italians.  
 Yea, at this very moment, by my soul !  
 He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,  
 Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush ! Let the dead rest ! This evening's business  
 Is, who can fairly drink the other down—  
 Your regiment, Illo ! gives the entertainment.  
 Come ! we will keep a merry carnival—  
 The night for once be day, and mid full glasses  
 Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,  
 For there's hot work before us, friends ! This sword  
 Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt  
 In Austrian blood.

GORDON

Shame, shame ! what talk is this,  
 My Lord Field Marshal ? Wherefore foam you so  
 Against your Emperor ?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much  
 From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs !  
 How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns ;  
 The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,  
 For this King Ferdinand of Hungary  
 Is but a Tyro. Galas ? He's no luck,  
 And was of old the ruiner of armies.  
 And then this Viper, this Octavio,  
 Is excellent at stabbing in the back,  
 But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed ;  
 Fortune, we know can ne'er forsake the Duke !  
 And only under Wallenstein can Austria  
 Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble  
 A mighty army, all comes crowding, streaming  
 To banners, dedicate by destiny,  
 To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold  
 Old times come back again, he will become  
 Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.  
 How will the fools, who've now deserted him,  
 Look then ? I can't but laugh to think of them,  
 For lands will he present to all his friends,  
 And like a King and Emperor reward  
 True services ; but we've the nearest claims.

*(To Gordon.)*

You will not be forgotten, Governor !

He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine  
 In higher station : your fidelity  
 Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,  
 And wish to climb no higher ; where great height is  
 The fall must needs be great. " Great height, great  
 depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more business for to-morrow ;  
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.  
 Come Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you ?  
 Say, shall we have the State illuminated  
 In honour of the Swede ? And who refuses  
 To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay ! Nay ! not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.

What ! we are masters here ; no soul shall dare  
 Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.  
 Gordon ! Good night, and for the last time, take  
 A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols  
 To make secure, the watch-word may be altered  
 At the stroke of ten ; deliver in the keys  
 To the Duke himself, and then your're quit for ever  
 Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow  
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERTSKY. (*as he is going, to Butler.*)  
You come though to the castle.

BUTLER.

At the right time.

(*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*)

---

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON. (*looking after them.*)

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!  
They rush into the outspread net of murder,  
In the blind drunkenness of victory;  
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,  
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain  
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,  
Take measures for the citadel's security;  
When they are within I close the castle gate  
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON. (*with earnest anxiety.*)

Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me——

BUTLER.

You have heard already,  
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night



Alone is ours. They make good expedition  
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah ! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,  
I pray you, promise me !

BUTLER.

The sun has set ;  
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,  
And brings on their long night ! Their evil stars  
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,  
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes  
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,  
The Duke was ever a great calculator ;  
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,  
To move and station, as his game required.  
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,  
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it :  
Still calculating, calculating still ;  
And yet at last his calculation proves  
Erroneous ; the whole game is lost ; and lo !  
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now ; remember  
His greatness, his munificence, think on all  
The lovely features of his character,  
On all the noble exploits of his life,

And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen  
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,  
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now :

(*grasping Gordon's hand.*)

Gordon ! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not  
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)  
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me  
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.  
Hostile concurrences of many events  
Control and subjugate me to the office.  
In vain the human being meditates  
Free action. He is but the wire-worked\* puppet  
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice  
Creates for him a dread necessity.  
What too would it avail him, if there were  
A something pleading for him in my heart—  
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you,  
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.  
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous  
Bedewed with blood—his blood ? Believe it not !

\* We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,  
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten  
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I  
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!  
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom  
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—  
And he must die, or——

*(passionately grasping Gordon's hand).*

Listen then, and know!

I am *dishonoured* if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man——

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth  
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!  
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,  
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER. *(with a cold and haughty air.)*

He is a great Lord,  
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.  
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it  
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,  
Whether the man of low extraction keeps  
Or blemishes his honour—

S  
W  
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T  
T

So that the man of princely rank be saved.  
 We all do stamp our value on ourselves.  
 The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.  
 There does not live on earth the man so stationed,  
 That I despise myself compared with him.  
 Man is made great or little by his own will ;  
 Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.  
 Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.  
 I cannot hinder you, but may some God  
 Rescue him from you ! [Exit Gordon.]

SCENE IX.

BUTLER. (*alone.*)

I treasured my good name all my life long ;  
 The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,  
 So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !  
 He prizes above all his fealty ;  
 His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;  
 In opposition to his own soft heart  
 He subjugates himself to an iron duty.  
 Me in a weaker moment passion warped ;  
 I stand beside him, and must feel myself

The worse man of the two. What, though the world  
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet  
*One* man does know it, and can prove it too—  
High-minded Piccolomini!  
There lives the man who can dishonour me!  
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!  
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands  
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is  
himself.

*(The curtain drops.)*

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*Butler's Chamber.*BUTLER, MAJOR, *and* GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with  
pikes,

For there must be no firing—

Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,

And soon as the desert is served up, rush all in

And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor;

I will overturn the table—while you attack

Illo and Tertsky, and dispatch them both.

The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,

That no intelligence of this proceeding

May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;

Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux

And the Macdonald?—

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit Geraldin.*]

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens

Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit  
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke  
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages  
And golden times. Arms too have been given out  
By the town-council, and an hundred citizens  
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.  
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies  
Threaten us from without and from within.

---

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor!

BOTH. (*recoiling.*)  
How?

BUTLER.

Live the House of Austria!

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you administered  
Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So, then!

MACDONALD.

An altered case!

BUTLER. (*to Devereux.*)

Thou wretched man!

So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours?

DEVEREUX.

The devil!—I but followed your example,  
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD.

We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your business.  
You are our General, and give out the orders;  
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

BUTLER. (*appeased.*)

Good then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.



DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,  
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en so!

BUTLER.

Well, for the present  
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Aye, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTLER.

Listen!

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the Emperor's will and ordinance  
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,  
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he shall be rewarded from the State  
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay? That sounds well. The *words* sound always well  
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!  
We know already what Court-words import.  
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,  
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,  
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

Yes,

The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.

All over

With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortunes all past by?

BUTLER.

For ever.

He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll desert him.

BUTLER.

We'll desert him?

Full twenty thousand have done that already;  
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—  
We—we must kill him.

BOTH. (*starting back.*)

Kill him!

BUTLER.

Yes! must kill him.

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.

Us!

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and the Macdonald.

DEVEREUX. (*after a pause.*)

Chuse you some other.

BUTLER.

What? art dastardly?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—

Thou conscientious of a sudden?

DEVEREUX.

Nay,

To assassinate our Lord and General—

MACDONALD.

To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

BUTLER.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! It is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul!

It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our Chieftain, who so long  
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER.

Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,  
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,  
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,  
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,  
That is a sin, a foul abomination,  
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your Pope, and give you absolution.  
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do!

MACDONALD.

'Twont do!

BUTLER.

Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX. (*hesitates.*)

The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty  
As well as any other. What think you,  
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why if he *must* fall,

And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,  
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX. (*after some reflection.*)

When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.

This night.

To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the consequences!

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is

The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?

For we have instances, that folks may like

The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifesto says—alive or dead.

Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at  
him?

The town is fill'd with Tertsy's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Tertsy still remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.

With these you shall begin—you understand me?

DEVEREUX.

How? And must they too perish?

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux? A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commission me—

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;  
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast  
Given at the Castle—there we shall surprize them,  
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley  
Have that commission – soon as that is finished—

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General ! It will be all one to you.  
Hark'e ! let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger ! The devil ! What do you think me, General ?  
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee ?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell !

Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General !  
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me  
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat  
Which I have on ! and then for him to see me  
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,  
That eye of his looking upon this coat—  
Why—why—the devil fetch me ! I'm no milk-sop !

BUTLER.

The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,

And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience  
To run him through the body in return.  
A coat that is far better and far warmer  
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.  
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,  
And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take  
Such thankers ! I'll dispatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'st quiet  
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply  
Pull off the coat ; so canst thou do the deed  
With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.  
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—  
So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another  
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald ?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against *him* ?  
He is not to be wounded—he is—



BUTLER. (*starting up.*)

What?

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab and flash ! Hard frozen,  
Secured, and warranted by the black art !  
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Inglestadt there was just such another  
His whole skin was the same as steel ; at last  
We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well?

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here

There's a Dominican, my countryman.  
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me.  
In holy water, and say over them  
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum !  
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!

But now go and select from out the regiment  
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,  
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.  
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds

Are passed, conduct them, silently as may be,  
To the house—I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon  
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber ?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place.  
I lead you through a back-door that's defended  
By one man only. Me my rank and office  
Give access to the Duke at every hour.  
I'll go before you—with one poinard-stroke  
Cut Hartschier's wind pipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means shall we gain  
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming  
The servants of the Court ; for he has here  
A numerous company of followers ?

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing ; he hates bustle,  
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over—hey, Macdonald ? I  
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows !

MACDONALD.

And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.  
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely  
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business  
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand  
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be  
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

And he must fall by the executioner's hands,  
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor  
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not  
Lie long in pain.

*[Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and  
Devereux through the other.]*

SCENE III.

SCENE—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the Duchess Friedland's.* THEKLA *on a seat, pale, her eyes closed.* The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN *busied about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have  
Foreboded some misfortune. The report  
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen  
A colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.  
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet  
The Swedish Courier, and with sudden questioning,  
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.  
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,  
We found her lying in his arms, all pale  
And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!

And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?

*[turning to the Duchess.*

Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA. (*looking round her.*)

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN, (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms.*)

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!  
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in  
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA. (*standing up.*)

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He—the man who uttered

That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her sorrow leave to talk!  
Let her complain—mingle your tears with her's,  
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but  
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla  
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.

Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?  
It is gone by—I recollect myself.

*(she casts her eyes round the room, as seeking  
some one.)*

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.  
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No, never shall this messenger of evil  
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—

Shortly I shall be quite myself again.

You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me,  
And grant me leave, that by myself I may  
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected;  
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes  
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.  
The worst is said already: I can hear  
Nothing of deeper anguish!

COUNTESS *and* DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpowered me by surprize.  
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;  
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,  
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.  
I must replace myself in his esteem,  
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,  
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined  
To grant her this request of her's. Go, call him.

*(Lady Neubrunn goes to call him.)*

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

'Twere

e pleasing to me, if alone I saw him :  
 it me, I shall behave myself the more  
 ectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.  
 ve her alone with him : for there are sorrows,  
 ere of necessity the soul must be  
 own support. A strong heart will rely  
 its own strength alone. In her own bosom,  
 in her mother's arms, must she collect  
 strength to rise superior to this blow.  
 mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated  
 as the woman, but the heroine.

(going.)

COUNTESS. (*detaining him.*)  
 ere art thou going? I heard Tertsy say  
 it 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence  
 morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

, ye stay here, placed under the protection  
 gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother.  
 ve us not in this gloomy solitude  
 brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt  
 gnify evils to a shape of horror.



WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,  
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.

O leave us not behind you in a place  
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy  
And sick within me is my heart——  
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.  
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place  
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.  
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,  
Your's too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,  
Making it that which shields and shelters for me  
My best-beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN. (*returning.*)

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with me.

[*Exit.*]

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla, who starts and shivers.*)  
There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible  
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy  
mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt Duchess and Countess.*]

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY  
NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN. (*respectfully approaching her.*)

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—  
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA. (*with dignity.*)

You have beheld me in my agony.  
A most distressful accident occasioned  
You from a stranger to become at once  
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,  
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.  
The horror which came o'er me interrupted  
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,  
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill

Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm.—

I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,  
 Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,  
 When towards evening rose a cloud of dust  
 From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled  
 Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.  
 Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,  
 Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,  
 And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage  
 Had borne them onward far before the others—  
 The infantry were still at distance, only  
 The Pappenheimers followed daringly  
 Their daring leader—

*[Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer  
 pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.]*

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks

With our whole cavalry we now received them,  
 Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot  
 Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.

They neither could advance, nor yet retreat ;  
 And as they stood on every side wedged in,  
 The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,  
 Inviting a surrender ; but their leader,  
 Young Piccolomini——

[*Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair*

Known by his plume,  
 And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches ;  
 Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.  
 His charger, by an halbert gored, reared up,  
 Flung him with violence off, and over him  
 The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

[*Thekla who has accompanied the last speech with  
 all the marks of increasing agony, trembles  
 through her whole frame, and is falling. The  
 Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in  
 her arms.*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady——

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

"Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw

Their leader perish ; every thought of rescue  
 Was spurn'd ; they fought like wounded tigers ; their  
 Frantic resistance rous'd our soldiery ;  
 A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest  
 Finish'd before their last man fell.

THEKLA. (*faltering.*)

And where——

Where is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN. (*after a pause.*)

This morning

We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth  
 Did bear him to interment ; the whole army  
 Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin ;  
 The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,  
 In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.  
 Nor tears were wanting : for there are among us  
 Many, who had themselves experienced  
 The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners ;  
 All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave  
 Would willingly have saved him ; but himself  
 Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

NEUBRUNN. (*to Thekla, who has hidden her  
 countenance.*)

Look up, my dearest lady——

THEKLA.

Where is his grave ?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, lady ; in a cloister church

is remains deposited, until  
an receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

is the cloister's name ?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catharine's.

THEKLA.

ow far is it thither ?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

hich the way ?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreit

alkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Who

ir commander ?

CAPTAIN.

. Colonel Seckendorf.

*Therkla steps to the table, and takes a ring from  
a casket.)*

THEKLA.

ave beheld me in my agony,

hewn a feeling heart. Please you, accept

*(giving him the ring.)*

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN. (*confused.*)

Princess——

(*Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal, and he retires.*)

---

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA. (*falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck.*)  
 Now, gentle Neubrunn, shew me the affection  
 Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself  
 My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.  
 This night we must away!

NEUBRUNN.

Away! and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither! There is but one place in the world.  
 Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er  
loved.

There, there is all that still remains of him.  
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death——

THEKLA.

Is now the only place,  
Where life yet dwells for me : detain me not !  
Come and make preparations : let us think  
Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage——

THEKLA.

That time is past——  
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world ! The tongue of calumny

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking ? Him who is no more.  
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God !  
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless feeble women ?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons : my arm shall protect thee.



NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time ?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night——

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses ?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven !

And then the many posts of the enemy !—

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free  
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length—

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine  
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates ?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized—

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,  
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight ?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord ?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother ?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother !

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffered too already;  
Your tender mother—Ah ! how ill prepared  
For this last anguish !

THEKLA.

Woe is me ! my mother !

(*pauses.*)

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing !

THEKLA.

What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!

And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found.

It draws me on, I know not what to name it,

Resistless does it draw me to his grave.

There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.

O hasten, make no further questioning!

There is no rest for me till I have left

These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power

Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!

What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,

They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!

Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!

They press on me; they chase me from these walls—

Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer

I dare stay here myself. I go and call

Rosenberg instantly.

*[Exit Lady Neubrunn.]*

## SCENE VI.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop  
 Of his true followers, who offered up  
 Themselves to avenge his death: and they accuse me  
 Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not  
 Forsake their leader even in his death—*they* died for  
 him!

And shall *I* live?————

For me too was that laurel-garland twined  
 That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:  
 I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—  
 To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—  
 That is the lot of heroes upon earth!

[*Exit Thekla.\**]

(*The curtain drops.*)

\* The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six and twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

## ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.*

WALLENSTEIN. (*sitting at a table.*)

THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN. (*standing before him.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize  
 In his good fortune; and if you have seen me  
 Deficient in the expressions of that joy,  
 Which such a victory might well demand,  
 Attribute it to no lack of good will,  
 For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,  
 And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow  
 The citadel shall be surrendered to you  
 On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain retires, Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me, she was more collected  
After her conversation with the Swede.  
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften,  
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered too,  
My brother! After such a victory  
I had expected to have found in thee  
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!  
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,  
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I all nothing. Where's  
Thy husband.

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN. (*rises and strides across the saloon.*)  
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN. (*moves to the window.*)

There is a busy motion in the Heaven,

The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,  
 Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle\* of the moon,  
 Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.  
 No form of star is visible! That one  
 White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,  
 Is from Cassiopeia, and therein  
 Is Jupiter. (*a pause.*) But now  
 The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*he sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*]

\* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,  
 Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht  
 Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondes-sichel wankt,*  
 Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle," reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug"—The Draft, the Procession of Clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*.





Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.  
 Far off is he, above desire and fear ;  
 No more submitted to the change and chance  
 Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well  
 With *him* ! but who knows what the coming hour  
 Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us !

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest  
 Of Piccolomini. What was his death ?  
 The courier had just left thee, as I came.

[*Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs  
 to her to be silent.*

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,  
 Let us look forward into sunny days,  
 Welcome with joyous heart the victory,  
 Forget what it has cost thee. Not to day,  
 For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead ;  
 To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,\* I know ;

\* A very inadequate translation of the original.

“ Verschmerzen werd ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,  
 Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch !”

LITERALLY.

I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conscious :  
 What does not man grieve down ?

hat pang is permanent with man? From the  
 highest,  
 from the vilest thing of every day  
 he learns to wean himself: for the strong hours  
 conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost  
 him. The bloom is vanished from my life.  
 O! he stood beside me, like my youth,  
 transformed for me the real to a dream,  
 nothing the palpable and the familiar  
 with golden exhalations of the dawn.  
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
 the *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

be not treacherous to thy own power.  
 My heart is rich enough to vivify  
 myself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,  
 the which thyself did'st plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stepping to the door.*)

Who interrupts us now at this late hour?  
 'Tis the Governor. He brings the keys  
 of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

'Tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—  
 the boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking  
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul  
Has long been weighed down by these dark fore-  
bodings.

And if I combat and repel them waking,  
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.  
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife  
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favourable omen,  
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee  
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!  
It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuse  
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,  
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be  
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams  
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.  
Yet I would not call *them*  
Voices of warning that announce to us  
Only the inevitable. As the sun,  
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events,  
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.  
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death  
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale  
Of my own future destiny. The King  
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,  
Long ere Ravallac arm'd himself therewith.  
His quiet mind forsook him : the phantasma  
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air : like funeral knells  
Sounded that coronation festival ;  
And still with boding sense he heard the tread  
Of those feet that ev'n then were seeking him  
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*

The voice within thy soul bodes nothing ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time

I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me  
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,  
There seemed no end of it : doors creaked and clapped ;  
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;  
When on a sudden did I feel myself  
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold, that grasped  
me—

'Twas thou, and thou did'st kiss me, and there  
seemed

A crimson covering to envelope us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS. (*gazing on him.*)

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,  
Who standest now before me in the fulness  
Of life—(*she falls on his breast and weeps.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—  
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—  
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[*Exit Countess.*]

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SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle  
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle  
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Nlo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory.—This tribe  
Can shew their joy in nothing else but feasting.

(*Rings. The GROOM of the CHAMBER enters.*)

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

(*Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon.*)

So we are guarded from all enemies,  
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eye on Gordon.*]

Was ne'er an hypocrite's mask.

*[The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle collar and scarf.]*

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that?

GROOM of the CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

*[He takes and looks at the chain.]*

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of ~~France~~,<sup>France</sup>

He being then Archduke; and I have worn it

Till now from habit——

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a Talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life long,

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me; for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

*[Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments.]*

*Wallenstein rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where  
 We two were Pages of the Court together.  
 We oftentimes disputed : thy intention  
 Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play  
 The Moralist and Preacher, and would'st rail at me—  
 That I strove after things too high for me,  
 Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,  
 And still extol to me the golden mean.  
 —Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend  
 To thy own self. See, it has made thee early  
 A superannuated man, and (but  
 That my munificent stars will intervene)  
 Would let thee in some miserable corner  
 Go out, like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince !

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,  
 And watches from the shore the lofty ship  
 Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already

In harbour then, old man ? Well ! I am not.  
 The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;  
 My planks still firm, my canvass swelling proudly.  
 Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate ;  
 And while we stand thus front to front almost,



I might presume to say, that the swift years  
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

*[He moves with long strides across the saloon, &  
remains on the opposite side over against Gordo.]*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false ?  
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love  
Took me from out the common ranks of men,  
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm  
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.  
Nothing is common in my destiny,  
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares  
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere  
One of the undistinguishable many ?  
True in this present moment I appear  
Fallen low indeed ; but I shall rise again.  
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;  
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops  
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,  
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,  
" Let the night come before we praise the day."  
I would be slow from long continued fortune  
To gather hope : for Hope is the companion  
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.  
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men :

For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN. (*smiling.*)

I hear the very Gordon that of old  
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching :  
I know well, that all sublunary things  
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.  
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.  
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew :  
And therefore of their own accord they offered  
To themselves injuries, so to atone  
The jealousy of their divinities :  
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*]

I too have sacrific'd to him—For me  
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault  
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune  
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.  
The envy of my destiny is gluttet :  
Life pays for life. On this pure head the light'ning  
Was drawn off, which would else have shattered *me*.

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SCENE III.

*To these enter SENI.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni? and beside himself,

If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither  
At this late hour, Baptista?

SENI.

Terror, Duke!

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

SENI.

Flee ere the day-break!

Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now

Is in thy thoughts?

SENI. (*with louder voice.*)

Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it then?

SENI. (*still more urgently.*)

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!

An evil near at hand is threatening thee

From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!

Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—

Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.

Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;  
 Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee  
 From false friends !

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends  
 Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.  
 The warning should have come before ! At present  
 I need no revelation from the stars  
 To know that.

SENI.

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes !  
 A fearful sign stands in the house of life  
 An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind  
 The radiance of thy planet—O be warned !  
 Deliver not thyself up to these heathens  
 To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN. (*laughing gently.*)

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now  
 I recollect. This junction with the Swedes  
 Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,  
 Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON. (*who during the whole of this dialogue  
 has shewn marks of extreme agitation, and now  
 turns to Wallenstein.*)

My Duke and General ! May I dare presume ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What? if 'twere no mere creation  
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsaf'd  
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,  
And made that mouth its organ.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish!  
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?  
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

GORDON. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion.*)  
But what if the arrival of these Swedes—  
What if this were the very thing that winged  
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

[*flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my Prince

SENI.

O hear him! hear him!

GORDON. (*rises.*)

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders  
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.  
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.  
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction  
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner  
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.  
He shall experience what a band of heroes,  
Inspirited by an heroic leader,  
Is able to perform. And if indeed

It be thy serious wish to make amend  
 For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this  
 Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,  
 Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,  
 And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,  
 Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,  
 Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN. (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion.*)

Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.  
 Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.  
 Blood, Gordon, has been flowing, Never, never  
 Can the Emperor pardon me : and if he could,  
 Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.  
 Had I foreknown what now has taken place,  
 That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,  
 My first death-offering : and had the heart  
 Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon.  
 It may be, I might have bethought myself.  
 It may be too, I might not. Might, or might not,  
 Is now an idle question. All too seriously  
 Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon !  
 Let it then have its course.

[*stepping to the window.*

All dark and silent—at the castle too

All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!

*[The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish

My reconciliation with the Emperor.

Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,

And fears it will be forfeited because

He's in my service. Am I then so poor,

That I no longer can indemnify

My servants? Well! To no one I employ

Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief

That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.

This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,

And then go over to thy Emperor.

Gordon, good night! I think to make a long

Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil

Of this last day or two was great. May't please you!

Take care that they awake me not too early.

*[Exit Wallenstein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Seni follows, Gordon remains on the darkened stage, following the Duke with his eye, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER. (*at first behind the scenes.*)

BUTLER. (*not yet come into view of the stage.*)  
Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON. (*starts up.*)

'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?  
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER. (*appears, but scarcely on the stage.*)

A light gleams hither from the corridor.  
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor!  
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,  
Do I not hereby call down on my head  
All the dread consequences?

BUTLER. (*stepping forward.*)

Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.

'Tis better, I resign it to the hands  
Of providence. For what am I, that I  
Should take upon myself so great a deed?  
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;



But all his rescue were *my* act and deed ;  
*Mine*—and whatever be the consequences,  
I must sustain them.

BUTLER. (*advances.*)

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler !

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here ?  
Was it so late then, when the Duke dismissed you ?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf ?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.

That Illo fought as he was frantic, till

At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON. (*shuddering.*)

Both dead ?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed ?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler !

BUTLER.

Is he ? speak.

GORDON.

He shall *not* perish ! Not through you ! The Heaven  
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded !—

BUTLER.

There is no need of *my* arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty

Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

*(The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gully with his finger on his mouth, commanding silence.)*

GORDON.

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER,

No! he shall die awake.

*(is going.)*

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves

To earthly things : he's not prepared to step

Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER. *(going.)*

God's merciful!

GORDON. *(holds him.)*

Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER. *(hurrying off.)*

The next moment

May ruin all.

GORDON *(holds him still.)*

One hour!——

BUTLER.

Unhold me! What  
Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.

O—Time

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands  
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they  
Thought follows thought within the human soul.  
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,  
*His* heart may change its purpose—some new tidings  
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,  
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what  
May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.

You but remind me,  
How precious every minute is!  
*(he stamps on the floor.)*

SCENE V.

*To these enter MACDONALD, and DEVEREUX,  
with the HALBERDIERS.*

GORDON. *(throwing himself between him and them.)*

No, monster!

First over my dead body thou shalt tread.  
I will not live to see the accursed deed!

BUTLER. (*forcing him out of the way.*)  
Weak-hearted dotard!

(*trumpets are heard in the distance.*)

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swedish trumpets!  
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

GORDON. (*rushes out.*)

O God of Mercy!

BUTLER. (*calling after him.*)

Governor, to your post!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. (*hurries in.*)

Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke  
sleeps.

DEVEREUX. (*with loud harsh voice.*)

Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!

Murder!

BUTLER.

Down with him!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, (*run through the  
body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of  
the gallery.*)

Jesus Maria!

BUTLER.

Burst the doors open!

*(they rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.)*

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY. *(with a light.)*

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself  
Is no where to be found! The Neubrunn too,  
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should  
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up  
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke  
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O  
If that my husband now were but returned  
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether  
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard  
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go  
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?  
'Tis hastening up the steps!

## SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON. (*rushes in out of breath.*)

"Tis a mistake,

"Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—  
Butler! O God! Where is he?

(*then observing the Countess.*)

Countess! Say——

COUNTESS.

You are come then from the castle? Where's my  
husband?

GORDON. (*in an agony of affright.*)

Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——

COUNTESS.

Not till

You have discovered to me——

GORDON.

On this moment

Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.  
While we are speaking——

[*calling loudly.*]

Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the castle with my husband.

[*Butler comes from the gallery.*]

GORDON.

'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is  
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General  
Has sent me hither, will be here himself  
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late. [*Gordon dashes himself against the wall.*]

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio  
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?  
[*She rushes to the gallery.*]

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SCENE VIII.

(*Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*)

SENI. (*from the gallery.*)

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE. (*from the gallery.*)

O piteous sight!

[*Other servants hasten in with torches.*]

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your husband  
Assassinated at the Castle.

[*The Countess stands motionless.*]

FEMALE SERVANT, (*rushing across the stage.*)

Help! Help! the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER. (*enters.*)

What mean these confused

Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.

In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER. (*rushing out.*)

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT. (*carrying silver plate.*)

That way! The lower

Passages are blocked up.



VOICE. (*from behind the Scene.*)

Make room for the Lieutenant General!

[*At these words the Countess starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*]

VOICE. (*from behind the Scene.*)

Keep back the people! Guard the door.

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SCENE IX.

*To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry,*

OCTAVIO. (*entering abruptly.*)

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

GORDON.

[*without answering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*]

DEVEREUX. (*to Butler.*)

Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD..

Is it your order—

BUTLER. (*pointing to Octavio.*)

Here stands he who now

Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[*Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obsequance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the stage.*]

OCTAVIO. (*turning to Butler.*)

Was that my purpose Butler when we parted?

O God of Justice!

To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty

Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your *hand* is pure. You have  
Availed yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man!

Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—

And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,  
With bloody, most accursed assassination?

BUTLER. (*calmly.*)

I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

O curse of Kings,

Infusing a dread life into their words,

And linking to the sudden transient thought  
 The unchangeable irrevocable deed.  
 Was there necessity for such an eager  
 Despatch ? Could'st thou not grant the merciful  
 A time for mercy ? Time is man's good Angel.  
 To leave no interval between the sentence,  
 And the fulfilment of it, doth beseech  
 God only, the immutable !

BUTLER.

For what  
 Rail you against me ? What is my offence ?  
 The Empire from a fearful enemy  
 Have I delivered, and expect reward.  
 The single difference betwixt you and me  
 Is this : you placed the arrow in the bow ;  
 I pulled the string. You sow'd blood, and yet stand  
 Astonished that blood is come up. I always  
 Knew what I did, and therefore no result  
 Hath power to frighten or surprize my spirit.  
 Have you aught else to order ; for this instant  
 I make my best speed to Vienna ; place  
 My bleeding sword before my Emperor's Throne,  
 And hope to gain the applause which undelaying  
 And punctual obedience may demand  
 From a just judge. [Exit Butler.]

## SCENE X.

*To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO. (*meeting her.*)

O Countess Tertsy! These are the results  
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits  
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,  
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles  
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.  
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,  
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants  
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last  
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver  
The keys.

OCTAVIO. (*with a deep anguish.*)

O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murdered? Who is next  
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.  
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!  
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity  
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime —

The evil destiny surprised my brother  
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!  
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault  
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing  
Descended from the father to the daughter,  
Except his glory and his services.  
The Empress honours your adversity,  
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you  
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!  
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence  
To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS (*with her eye raised to heaven.*)

To the grace and mercy of a greater Master  
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body  
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?  
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found  
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein;  
And by her side, to whom he was indebted  
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished  
He might sometime repose in death! O let him  
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's  
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor  
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.  
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre

Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers !

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale !

COUNTESS. (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks  
with energy and dignity.*)

You think

More worthily of me, than to believe  
I would survive the downfall of my house.  
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp  
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate  
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit  
That to the crown belong ! We deem a  
Courageous death more worthy of our free station  
Than a dishonoured life.— I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help ! Help ! Support her !

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit Countess.*]

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors !

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great  
seal.*]

GORDON. (*steps forward and meets him.*)

What is this ?

It is the Imperial Seal.

*[He reads the Address, and delivers the letter to Octavio with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

*[Octavio with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

*The Curtain drops.*

THE END.

Thomas White, Printer,  
Johnson's Court.

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